



THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS IN EGYPT.

HAREM LIFE

IN

EGYPT AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY

EMMELINE LOTT,

FORMERLY GOVERNESS TO HIS HIGHNESS THE GRAND PACHA,

IBRAHIM, SON OF HIS HIGHNESS ISMAEL PACHA,

VICEBOY OF EGYPT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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DEDICATED
TO
HIS HIGHNESS ISMAEL PACHA,
&c. &c.,
VICEROY OF EGYPT,
BY
HIS HIGHNESS'S MOST HUMBLE
AND DEVOTED SERVANT,
THE AUTHORESS.

October, 1865.

**" What precious things I found in Oriental lands,
Returning home, I brought them in my votive hands."**

ALGER.

PREFACE.

UPWARDS of a century has rolled away since that graceful, unaffected epistolary writer, the accomplished and “charming Lady Mary Montague,” accompanied her *caro sposo*, Mr. Edward Wortley Montague, to Constantinople, when he was appointed Ambassador to the Sublime Porte.

In the eighteenth century, that “Princess of Female Writers” published in her Letters an account of her visits to some of the Harems of the *élite* of the Turks of that period.

She had no need to propitiate that all-powerful Sovereign Prince of the Ottoman Empire, “Baksheesh,”—who, whatever may be

his demerits as a statesman, stands forth, in the present age, most prominently as the precursor of civilization in the Turkish dominions, and for whom a most brilliant future is in prospect—to obtain ingress. Her rank and position were the *Telecem*, “talisman,” which threw open to her the heavy ponderous portals, drew back the massive double-bolted doors, and gave her access to those forbidden “Abodes of Bliss” of the stolid, sensual, and indolent Blue Beards of the East.

Nevertheless, her handsome train, Lady Ambassador as she was, swept but across the splendid carpeted floors of those noble Saloons of Audience, all of which had been, as is invariably the custom, well “swept and garnished” for her reception. The interior of those Harems were to her Ladyship a *terra incognita*, and even although she passed through those gaudy halls like a beautiful meteor, all was *coulour de rose*, and not the slightest oppor-

tunity was permitted her to study the daily life of the Odalisques. True, she had witnessed the

“Strange fascination of Eastern gorgeousness, reverie, and passion;”

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but yet, as she had not been allowed to penetrate beyond the reception halls, nor to pollute the floors of the chambers of those “Castles of Indolence” with her defiling footsteps, the social manners, habits, and customs of the *Crème de la Crème* of both Turkish and Egyptian noblesse, and the Star Chamber of Ottoman intrigue, were to her all unexplored regions.

It was reserved to a humble individual like myself, in my official capacity as Governess to His Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, the infant son of H. H. Ismael Pacha, the Viceroy of Egypt, the grandson of Mehemet Ali, and the son of that gallant warrior, the renowned Ibrahim Pacha, to become the unheard-of

instance in the annals of the Turkish Empire, of residing within those *foci* of intrigue, the Imperial and Viceregal Harems of Turkey and Egypt; and thus an opportunity has been afforded me of, Asmodeus-like, uplifting that impenetrable veil, to accomplish which had hitherto baffled all the exertions of Eastern travellers. The object of the following Work is to disclose to European society "Life in the Harems of Egypt and Constantinople." It has been my aim to give a concise yet impartial and sympathetic account of the daily life of the far-famed Odalisques of the nineteenth century—those mysterious impersonifications of Eastern loveliness. With what success I have achieved this difficult task is left to the judgment of the public to determine.

LONDON, December, 1865.

HAREM LIFE.



CHAPTER I.

AFTER a quick but tempestuous voyage from the busy port of Marseilles, on board the *Peleuse*, one of the fleetest steamers in the service of the Messageries Impériales, I arrived in the land of the Pharaohs, at the harbour of Alexandria, in the month of April, 186—. I proceeded to the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel, where I took up my quarters for a few days. As a host of travellers have minutely but yet not, according to my impressions, very accurately described that *Liverpool of Egypt*, Alexandria—for *Egypt as it was* and *Egypt as it is* are vastly different—nevertheless I shall not attempt to give any topographical account

of that wonderfully improving country and its ancient capital, the whole length and breadth of which I was enabled to traverse during my residence with the viceregal family.

The Viceroy's agent in London had consigned me, "bag and baggage," to the care of an eminent banking firm at Alexandria, who are also reported to be associated with Ismael Pacha in his private capacity as the *billionaire* Eastern merchant prince.

Upon forwarding my bill of lading—letter of introduction—I received instructions to proceed to Cairo by the express train, and there to report myself, on arrival, to Mr. B., who, independently of being associated with the Viceroy in mercantile pursuits, also holds the lucrative, yet by no means sinecure, appointments of Keeper of the Privy Purse and Purveyor General of His Highness's Households; for it must be observed that the Viceroy maintains numerous establishments, both at several palaces and harems.

After having visited every nook and corner of "*El Iskendereeyeh*," I proceeded to the railway-station, entered a first-class carriage, and was whirled away by the iron king *en*

route for the capital. That journey has been so often described by abler pens than mine, that I shall merely give an account of my fellow-passengers and their conversation, which furnished me with an insight into the characters of many individuals with whom it was my fate afterwards to be mixed up.

Scarcely had I made myself comfortable in the carriage, when I stepped two gentlemen. Both were of middle age, most agreeable in manners, and rather chatty. The younger one was a Greek merchant, of the name of Xenos, who resided in Alexandria, and who was proceeding to Cairo, and thence up the Nile, to purchase cotton, which at that period was realizing most fabulous prices both in England and France. The other was much his senior: he was of the Jewish persuasion; and a native of the good city of Frankfort.

On our arrival at Tantah, where the annual fair was being held—and at which my two fellow-travellers assured me that slaves were sold in 186—, notwithstanding that there existed a treaty abolishing the slave-trade—the train was shunted off the line, to admit of the

Viceroy's private despatch train passing on its route. Here we were detained twenty minutes; and as I watched that despatch train approach the terminus, thinking that I might be gratified with a glimpse of some of the Cabinet ministers, who I naturally concluded were seated in it; I was surprised at beholding the heads of several young ladies thrust out of the first-class carriage which was attached to the tender. My curiosity was considerably excited when I saw that their cast of countenance was either Levantine or German. They wore no bonnets; long black veils were thrown carelessly over their heads; and they were attired in black *latarahs*.

Turning round to my fellow-passenger, Mr. Xenos—who sat, ruminating, perhaps, on the state of the cotton market, in the corner of the carriage nearest the main line—I inquired of him why that train was designated “the Viceroy's private despatches.” He smiled, and said, “Well, I cannot exactly tell you; but, in all probability, it is because it is always appropriated for the purpose of conveying all fair damsels who may chance to come on *flying* visits to Ismael Pacha; and as foreign ladies

are generally the very essence of intrigue, may it not be possible that they are the bearers of secret despatches? But as it is not my province to unfold the mysteries of the Viceroy's private despatches, all I can say upon the subject is, that I hope that that courteous prince will enjoy the pleasure of their society."

The private despatch train rushed on at full speed, and we followed, about ten minutes afterwards, in its trail, at a snail's pace.

The ice having been broken between myself and my fellow-travellers, the conversation naturally led to the purport of my visit to the "Land of Dates" and its merchant ruler. In reply to a few trivial questions I had put to the Greek merchant, Mr. Xenos very kindly explained to me that his twenty years' experience of life in Egypt led him to regard my position as one fraught with considerable perplexity; and, as I afterwards found that his observations were perfectly correct, I shall give them in detail, as their purport bears directly on Harem Life and the intrigues of the Egyptian Star-Chamber.

"But," added that amiable gentleman,

"much depends upon the conduct of the Viceroy towards yourself, and that of his confidential advisers. Perhaps I err in using that expression, for His Excellency Ismael Reschid Pacha, who is his confidential adviser, and a near relative, is, I am prone to believe, an upright Turk, who always has his hands full in counteracting the plots and machinations of the favourites and reputed partners of the billionaire merchant prince; for as Ismael Pacha receives you, so will His Excellency Reschid Pacha, his tried and faithful friend and relative, behave towards you.

"If you can manage to keep on good terms with that minister, all will go well with you; for no man in Egypt understands the difficulties of your position better than His Excellency, who has to combat in the day against all the arts and influences that are generally brought to bear upon the mind of the Viceroy at the reputed orgies which takes place at the Palace at night, when His Excellency is safely housed within the precincts of his own 'Abode of Bliss,' or very early in the morning, when Ismael Pacha—for he is up at the dawn of day

—is steaming up the Nile at three or four o'clock, sitting on the sofa in the poop of one of his fairy-like yachts, smoking cigarettes, and sipping, not real Mocha, but full-bodied and refreshing Burgundy, though he be a *true believer*.

“It is the demeanour of the clique about his Highness and the reputed co-partners towards you, that I would have you watch and scrutinize most carefully. Life in the Harems of the Egyptian rulers has never been faithfully described by any authors, for the simple reason that no unbeliever has as yet been domiciled therein; to them it has been an unknown land, and one of myths; their pen-drawings, however, are far from encouraging, and the late lamented Dr. Abbott, who collected the most unique, most valuable, and perfect museum of Egyptian curiosities which the Americans possess, has left a very clever work, in which he describes them as being in his day ‘the very focus of low intrigue, the scenes of profligacy of the most abhorrent nature, ah! and of crimes of the deepest dye;’ but, thanks to the enlightenment of the age in which we live, a most

wonderful and beneficial improvement has, I have been assured, taken place, even in those *sacred* places.

“The signification of the word *Harem* is a perfect misnomer in our European acceptation of the expression, unless indeed we interpret it by its other and far more appropriate meaning, ‘interdicted,’ since it is considered by all Moslems as implying ‘The Abode of Bliss,’ and the type or model of that celestial paradise of houris, which the prophet Mahomet has inculcated into the minds of his followers will be their *Kishmet*, ‘fate,’ when they shall enter the seventh heaven in the world to come. Hence the reason why those monsters of men, those spectres of their sex, the chief eunuchs, are styled *Kislar Agaci*, ‘the captain of the girls;’ and also *Dar-us-seadet Agaci*, ‘the guardian of the Abode of Bliss.’

“Besides, many of the recent Viceroys of Egypt finished their education in France, so that I am inclined to believe that a great amelioration has taken place of late years in their internal *ménage*; and Solyman Pacha the Magnificent introduced great innovations into

the domestic habits and customs of the inmates of his Harem, as also among the manners and customs of the Princes themselves; and if I am correctly informed, many of the late Pachas had not only their palaces furnished in the European style, but surrounded themselves with foreign attendants, and even had English nurses for their children. This is the case with Mustapha Pacha, the heir presumptive to the Viceroyship, who not only treats that person with respect, but contributes most liberally to all her wants and requirements *à la Européenne*; but then the manners, language, and habits of those domestics could not have tended, in any beneficial degree, to ameliorate the characters of the children committed to their care, and none of them have been intelligent enough to give us an insight into Harem life. So I would fain trust that you will not find your position so unbearable as you may have led yourself to suppose.

“At all events you must keep yourself clear of the petty intrigues of the court cabals. Watch with a careful eye the manner in which the

three Princesses, his Highness's wives, behave towards you. Endeavour to gain, not only their respect and good opinion, but, what is of primary importance, *their confidence*, especially that of the mother of the young Prince; but, as she is only the second wife, she is not the Lady Paramount, for the first *épouse* claims that prerogative.

“Sad tales of the jealousy of Princesses in the Egyptian Harems have been circulated, and accurately too, as I can vouch for the veracity of my informant; so that it may be possible that, should you find it necessary to battle with his Highness's reputed associates to obtain European comforts about you, and to maintain your status as an English lady, the mere granting of those absolute necessities for your individual comfort, might arouse that green-eyed monster, jealousy, within their viceregal bosoms, as their entire ignorance of your habits will make them regard such trivial attentions on the part of their liege lord and master as signs of his too pointed wish to become on terms of familiar intimacy with you.”

“Well done!” interrupted Mr. ——. “You

are giving Madam a most truthful account of her position ; but, my dear Xenos, you appear to forget that our fellow-traveller ought to learn to school her too-confiding mind to look upon the actions of all around her with the greatest distrust."

Then addressing himself to me, he continued, " I would have you, Madam, alive to the well-established fact, that the whole *coterie* into which you will be introduced is the very hot-bed of intrigue, jealousy, and corruption ; but yet, let me trust, not of profligacy. The chief eunuch is generally supposed to possess absolute powers within the Harem, even over the Princesses ; but as that all-powerful Egyptian, Prince *Baksheesh*, is the actual ruler of Egypt, you may take my word for it that most important personage is himself the abject slave of his reputed associates, for as long as they can command the favours of that omnipotent prince, and bask in the sunshine of vice-regal smiles, to them is reported the sayings and doings of those 'caged birds' within the walls of the 'Abodes of Bliss.'

" I admit that your position as an English

lady entitles you to receive every attention, yet at the same time you will be called upon to conform to many strange whims, fancies, and customs, which may appear most singular and outlandish to your European notions; nay, many may even seem quite repugnant to your naturally sensitive feelings; but you will, I hope, by the influence of your example, be able to graft a few civilized customs on their Arab and Turkish manners. Your apparent amiability of manner will, in all probability, cause you to be respected by the Viceroy, beloved by Grand Pacha Ibrahim, and esteemed by their Highnesses the three wives, and the Princesses their daughters. And no doubt your position will cause you to be feared by the slaves, among whom, I must caution you, commence those petty intrigues which have ruined favourites, gathered ruling concubines to their last accounts, led to the sudden disappearance, and in many instances most unaccountably strange deaths, of numerous viceroys, who have falsely been reported to have died suddenly of apoplexy; to the unfastening of the bolts of the viceregal railway-trains; the

poisoning of the dates that infant nephews have handed to their viceregal uncles : all these, and many more equally atrocious deeds, have been concocted within the magic circle of a band of Harem slaves."

•"I deeply regret," continued Mr. Xenos, "that any English lady should have accepted the appointment you have ; and knowing, as I do, the strong antipathy that all Germans and Arabs entertain towards the English, I would strongly urge upon you, even at this the eleventh hour, the propriety of abandoning the idea of entering his Highness's service.

"In support of this suggestion I shall merely explain to you that I have resided many years both in Egypt and Constantinople, and from my dearly-bought experience of Egyptian and Turkish life, I lament that any European lady should contemplate domiciling herself within the influence of the viceregal Harem ; for be assured that you will lack all the conveniences, much more the *agréments*, of a European residence. Ismael Pacha, Viceroy though he be, is a true merchant at heart, and squanders not away his *paras* in costly furniture for his

wives. And yet you will find his palaces and yachts decorated in the most sumptuous style *à la Européenne*.

“ That is not the only drawback that awaits you. The peculiar diet of the ‘ caged birds ’ of the Viceroy’s Elysium is literally *cuisine à l’Arabe*, which will be most unpalatable to your taste, even if it does not (of which I entertain great fears) prove most injurious to your health. The nature of the climate renders it obligatory on Europeans to imbibe much greater quantities of stimulants—such as pale ale and wine—than they have been accustomed to partake of in their own colder climate ; and I do not imagine that those forbidden liquors, although quaffed so copiously by the Viceroy, will be provided for you. It is a well-known fact, that their Highnesses the wives drink quantities of Schiedam. Then again the entire atmosphere of the Harem and its grounds must necessarily be impregnated with the fumes of tobacco, into which powerful narcotics are introduced, so that the air which you will breathe will prove injurious to your constitution ; besides, the loose and uncleanly habits of the attendants, more parti-

cularly those of the Arab nurses, will disgust you; and the sad monotony of the daily life you will be called upon to lead will be of such a melancholy, convent-like nature, that in my opinion it were better far that you had immured yourself within the cell of a nunnery, than entered the precincts of a Harem."

I listened most attentively to Mr. Xenos's account of the difficulties of my position, and almost repented of having accepted the appointment; still I could not help observing that I hoped he had overcoloured the picture.

"Believe me," interrupted Mr. —, "my friend has only given you a faint outline of Harem life in Egypt, and if anything, that delineation, dark as it appears to you, is really not overdrawn; in fact, it falls short of the reality, even so far as we forbidden intruders into those castles of pleasure have hitherto been able to learn. You, who are about so soon to enter those 'sacred' recesses of viceregal life, will have an opportunity of judging of the correctness of my views on this head.

"I would, however, above all things, impress upon your mind the actual value which all

Turks, Egyptians, Levantines, and (it is with feelings akin to shame that I affirm it) even Europeans who have been domiciled some time in the Ottoman dominions, entertain of the fair sex. They regard women, my dear madam, of every nation and of all grades in society, as the mere slaves to their sensual gratification. Hence the reason that they keep their wives, daughters, and concubines, caged up in lattice-windowed houses; protect them by eunuchs, those atoms of mankind, whom they deprive of all social intercourse with the male sex and the outer world, and treat as abject slaves. Many erudite writers on Oriental life have gone so far as to question whether they are properly so termed, for it is certain that many of these guardians of the beauties of the East have married the wives of their lords and masters, whom they had previously sent to that 'bourne whence no traveller returns'—and report adds, have even had large families by them.

“These remarks are not, however, so applicable to Harem life in Constantinople, as in Egypt; for, in the lovely-situated capital on the

Bosphorus, the ladies of the Harems enjoy both *carriage and caique airing daily, and revel in* a degree of freedom altogether unknown in Egypt. In the East the male sex think, as Butler has so naïvely expressed it in his burlesque poem of Hudibras—

“ ‘ Women first were made for men,
Not men for them. It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no *freedom* of their own.’ ”

“ In Pharaoh’s land, that sex, formed by the Creator of the Universe to become the solace and companion of the fallen sons of Adam, is prized by the stronger sex, whose duty it most unquestionably ought to be to protect them, only for the *price in gold* that they give or can obtain for them ; they are viewed as marketable commodities, just as a chapman calculates the value of his bales of merchandize. Hence the reason why Turks and Egyptians will always remain semi-barbarians, until a radical change can be effected in their families by means of education, that slow but sure precursor of civilization.

“ But most unhappily for the speedy amelioration of such a deplorable state of things, even Europeans, who have lived long in any part of the Ottoman dominions, imbibe the same laxity of morals and disreputable ideas.” [Of the veracity of this assertion I had ample proof during my residence at Mr. B.’s, at Cairo, as there an acquaintance of that gentleman hesitated not to introduce into his apartment a person of most questionable character, at which I remonstrated, and threatened to return to Zech’s Hotel, if such conduct was repeated.] “ So that they hesitate not to tread in the footsteps of the votaries of the Koran, keep Harems, entrap European women into their clutches, and as calmly and coolly dispose of them, as if they had been born slaves.

“ Would time permit, I could also disclose to you many instances of blank cheques, bonds, heavy mortgages on estates, most of which have been foreclosed, nay, most lucrative offices, under the Ottoman and Egyptian Governments, having been bartered away by licentious Egyptian and Turkish princes and millionaires, to unprincipled Europeans, for gems of female dots of humanity,

many of whom, to their everlasting shame and degradation be it stated, even now rank as the *crème de la crème* of European society in the Ottoman dominions. Many are the instances I could enumerate of men, the scum of the earth, rising to enormous wealth, and holding high positions, both in Egypt and Turkey, by means of such infamy.

“The Crimean war produced a most barreful influence on the morals of the different Levantine populations of all grades. The requirements of the vast armaments that were concentrated there, brought untold sums of gold into the coffers of traders of all denominations. Prussian Jews, the very refuse of the good city of Frankfort, the Israelitish population of which is so celebrated for its craft, together with the scum of Italy, Spain, France, Malta, Greece, and the Levant, became suddenly enriched by that disastrous struggle. Many who at the commencement of that war were literally homeless, shoeless, and penniless, are now millionaires in Egypt—where they now roll about in their carriages, keep large establish-

ments, live in *cuisine à l'Arabe*, and drink the choicest wines. Their tables, when laid out, would challenge the *chef-de-cuisine* of Gunter to make a handsomer appearance: the mouth of a *gourmand* would absolutely water at the sight of those inviting-looking viands. But be fully assured, kind reader, that the moment he tasted them, unless, indeed, he had been previously accustomed to Arab diet, he would become perfectly disgusted with those filthy messes. They keep large establishments, speculate in cotton, hold hundreds of bank, railway, and joint-company shares, receive large deposits from Europeans, for which they give from twenty-five to thirty per cent. interest; and in short are the Hudsons of Egypt and the Ottoman Empire.

“Their banking operations are immense; the loans which they advance to the Arabs, who bury their gains in their Harems, instead of putting them out to interest, or using them to meet their current expenses, are most numerous and profitable. In short, these are the class of men who are all-powerful in Egypt; these are the

reputed individuals who possess the contracts for every public work, from the opening of new railways down to the almost insignificant improvement of paving the roads of its ancient capital."

CHAPTER II.

"I HEARD you, my dear madam, complain of the manner in which you were jostled about on landing at Alexandria; how roughly the Custom-house officers examined your baggage, notwithstanding that they knew the position you came to hold?"

"Yes, indeed, I did, and can indorse the veracity of the statement made by a contributor to *Once a Week*, who most naively and truthfully asserts that 'The land of Egypt is ruled over by twenty Princes; one of whom is the Viceroy, eighteen of the others are known as Consuls-General of European nations, but the twentieth is the most powerful of all, and his name is Baksheesh ("Gift, Present, Bribery").

"Very little, indeed, can be done without the aid or countenance of Baksheesh: *he* is the ruling power. Not a single package of a

traveller's luggage (no, not even that belonging to the Governess of the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, the infant son of the Viceroy), not a bale of goods can enter or be shipped out of the country without his leave; not a handful of cotton can leave it without paying him tribute.

“ ‘Do you want to set up a steam-engine, to build a house, hire a lighter, to send goods off by train, to do something which you have no right to do, to get something which you have no right to get? Why, then, invoke Baksheesh; offer up a proper quantity of piastres on his shrine, and the thing is done. Imagine that you can get on without his aid, and you will soon find out your mistake. Put your faith in the most potent of his brother princes, and see how you will fare. Baksheesh will stop you in the corridor, as you approach the viceroyal presence, and if he frown, small profit will spring from your interview. Dodge past him, get your order, your permit, your judgment, concession, or what not, and the day of submission is but postponed. You can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?

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Can you put what you have gained into execution, without the aid of Baksheesh? Not a bit of it. Let your own special "Prince" back up your petition, let the Viceroy grant it, let the Minister of State draw up the order, let the highest personage in the department be charged to carry it out on your behalf, and what have you got? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Get a firman from the Sultan himself, and you are not any better off.

" 'Baksheesh has creatures, nominally filling some fifth-rate government post, any of whom can put a spoke in your wheel. Baksheesh is the very essence of bribery and corruption, and without his aid nothing can be done. As the Nile water is to the land, so is bribery and corruption to the rulers and people of Egypt. Nothing is produced without it.'

"Exactly so, madam," interrupted the Greek merchant, laughing most heartily. "That writer has hit the nail upon the right head, and I strongly suspect that he must have had considerable experience in Her Britannic Majesty's court at Alexandria, so admirably and faithfully does he describe the state of things in Egypt in this

the nineteenth century. But come, —, as I am quite certain that sooner or later our fair traveller will be brought in contact with the firm of — at Cleopatra's ancient capital when next she returns thereto, if not with some of their partners at Cairo, pray give us a brief sketch of the autobiography of those reputed Egyptian Rothschilds, as they have been, and most assuredly will be again, mixed up with many an intrigue of Harem Life."

"Well, as I trust that you will pardon the prolixity of my sketches of Egypt as it is, I will use my best endeavours to give you as graphic a sketch as possible of the eminent financiers of Egypt. They were born and bred in the pretty village of Oppenheim, on the banks of the far-famed Rhine. For years they struggled on, fighting the battle of life, and managed during the Crimean war to follow the occupation of sutlers in the British camp at Balaklava. There they drove a most lucrative trade, and greatly contributed to the comforts of our officers and soldiers. At a time when the British commissariat was in the most frightful disorder, the younger members of the

firm might be seen driving their waggons about the camp in all directions; hence the reason that they are such 'good whips.' I remember a commissariat officer now resident in Egypt telling me that the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, had rated him pretty handsomely, because he had allowed —— waggons to blockade, as it were, the leading thoroughfare in the camp. There they accumulated vast sums by selling pale ale, wines, and spirits.

“ At the close of the Crimean war they hurried off to Egypt, and having been so fortunate as to attract the notice of Ismael Pacha, the Viceroy, that Prince is reported to have lent them a few thousands, and finding them thorough men of business, always intent upon making cent. per cent., they became his reputed associates in mercantile pursuits. The wealth which they had accumulated soon gave them a standing in the European commercial world; Egyptian loans were forced into the markets of London and Paris by their skill, tact, and manœuvring; that stock maintained its price. Then came the cotton mania. Taking advantage of the American civil war,

they induced the Viceroy to plant cotton most extensively; and by means of His Highness's command of forced labour, railway and telegraph communication, steam navigation on the Nile, taking forcible possession of the Nile boats, lighters, weighers; having orders issued to the Sheiks to lay heavy impositions on the lightermen, labourers, carmen, donkeymen; depriving the steamboat agents of the labourers whom they had procured at most fabulous wages, to the detriment of the interest of the whole of the legitimate commercial community of Egypt, both native and European;—they raised the private fortune of Ismael Pacha from 600,000*l.* per annum to upwards of two to two millions and a half of pounds sterling.

“Their success as His Highness's private financiers (for none of them hold any appointments under the Egyptian Government, but into the favour of all whose officials they have ingratiated themselves; of course their propitiation of the sovereign ruler of Egypt, Prince Baksheesh, has tended to place them upon a friendly footing with all parties, except

the mercantile community, with whom they are generally at 'daggers drawn,') has been most amply rewarded, for they are reputed to be associated with His Highness not merely in his mercantile pursuits, but also to enjoy the benefit of the concessions that the Viceroy has made of railways, contracts for improving the city of Alexandria, the purchase of steamboats, machinery, making roads, paving streets, forming steamboat navigation companies, forming existing railways, post offices, opening banks, &c., in nearly all of which His Highness, as plain Ismael Pacha, holds the greater number of shares. Independently of this they are the purveyors to the Harems of all European condiments, and the miscellaneous medley of costly articles both of jewellery, china, clothing, &c., used therein, a monopoly which is a fortune of itself. They have branch houses also all over the Continent.

"The head of the firm, a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, is much respected in the circle in which he moves. He, however, takes but little interest in the business of the house, and may therefore be looked upon as a sleep-

ing or travelling partner, as he is like a locomotive engine, always on the move. His son, who generally resides in Alexandria, is the prop of the establishment. His manner is abrupt, curt, and anything but courteous to the fair sex, and he is an excellent man of business. He may most appropriately be termed the Viceroy's 'civil' aide-de-camp, if I may be allowed to coin the expression. He is disliked by the whole of the European mercantile community, whose interest he is continually thwarting.

"The member of the firm who passes the greater portion of his time on the banks of the sapphire-looking Bosphorus is one of the finest specimens of a Prussian Jew you can imagine. His look, shrewdness, and countenance remind one most forcibly of

'The Jew that Shakespeare drew.'

He is the very impersonification of Shylock. Measure them all well by the standard I have given you: for their aim is to make a profit out of everything, to turn to account

every article and baggage that comes into their net.

“ These are the reputed associates of the Viceroy in his private capacity as Ismael Pacha, the merchant prince ; and yet their influence is fortunately counteracted, in a slight degree, by the just and upright concessions of His Excellency Reschid Pacha, whose position is not a very enviable one, but on whom falls ALL the malignity that ought to be laid upon other shoulders. The ———, it is reported, have often aided the Viceroy in many private transactions when he was plain Ismael Pacha, and since his accession to the government ; hence the reason of their possessing such influence over the son of the gallant Ibrahim Pacha, whose money-getting and avaricious propensities he inherits in a most remarkable degree.

“ As Mr. ——— seldom or ever visits the Viceroy, for why or wherefore, we know not, unless it is because he is of the Hebrew persuasion, the abomination of the Turk, who will tolerate the intrusion of a Giaour, but not that of any Copek *dog* of an Israelite, in whose presence he feels himself defiled ; for though

—— may think, like Shylock, and say : ‘ Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same means, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian ? ’ —still His Highness most unquestionably considers, as all orthodox Ottomans do, that ‘ Dgchennum will be the portion of that accursed race, as there is but one Allah,’ and therefore always kept his reputed but *trusty* friend and long-headed private counsellor at a respectful distance from him.

“As you have a letter of introduction to Mr. —— of Cairo, I will just make you *au fait* with the position of that gentleman. He is one of the Viceroy’s oldest friends, but has, unfortunately, allowed his influence with His Highness to be supplanted by ——, and is therefore a *mere tool* in the hands of that clever young man. He is of Arab and Greek parentage ; avarice and parsimony are his characteristics ; and yet, had he been free from the thralldom of the firm I have mentioned, he would have been more respected.”

Just as Mr. ——— had finished his description of His Highness's associates, the collector opened the door of the carriage, took our tickets, and we alighted at the Cairo terminus. Thanking my two agreeable companions for their attention and information, I accepted their offer to accompany them to Zech's Hotel, which we soon reached, but experienced some difficulty in procuring the accommodation we required, as the whole establishment was in confusion, owing to rather an amusing incident which had just occurred there.

It appeared that an elderly French gentleman, whom I met afterwards at Pistoja, in Italy, had been staying there some time. During his sojourn, he had amused himself by travelling up the Nile, and into the interior of Egypt, in search of antiquities.

On one of those excursions he fell accidentally into the company of an Italian and Arab commissioner, to whom he stated his desire to become possessed of a mummy, perfect in every respect. Both expressed their doubts as to the possibility of his being able to procure such a specimen of frail humanity; but, upon his offer-

ing them the munificent sum of six hundred sovereigns, they replied, 'after a short deliberation, that they would do their best to accomplish his commission.

It happened just at that time that an Italian apothecary, residing in the suburbs of Cairo, had died ; and the two rogues, taking advantage of that event, hastily repaired to the abode of the defunct. They represented to the old house-keeper who had superintended his frugal *ménage* that they had received instructions from his friends at Pisa—for he was the scion of an old noble family there—that he should be interred in the Catholic cemetery. By that means they gained possession of the body of the dispenser of drugs. They then procured the co-operation of a professional embalmer, who, steeping rags in those aromatic spices so well known to the Egyptians, bound the body up, and most skillfully formed it into a mummy. A case was then procured, on which was painted numerous hieroglyphics, *fac-similes* of those that are usually found on such antiquities.

Leaving their "treasure trove" at the residence of the deceased, they bent their way back

to Cairo, proceeded to the hotel, and communicated to their unsuspecting dupe that they had discovered, in a village on the banks of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, a mummy, in a most perfect state of preservation, and which they had had transported to a hut in the village of Geezeh; at the same time offering to conduct the antiquarian to inspect the same, prior to the bargain being concluded. The antiquarian accompanied the two commissioners, quite delighted at the prospect of being able to obtain the prize he had sought for with such research.

On the party arriving at the hut,—for the *morgue*, “dead-house,” could scarcely be deemed worthy of any other designation,—Monsieur C., the antiquarian, examined the mummy most minutely once or twice. It seemed to him that the body was wrapped in linen which, although naturally very much discoloured by the process of embalming, bore evident marks of modern manufacture; and, turning round to his companions, he remarked that the cloth seemed to have been but recently wrapped about the different parts that he had examined. But they explained to him that it was always cus-

tomary to re-wrap any parts off which the linen had fallen or decayed away, with new pieces steeped in newly-prepared aromatics. The antiquarian examined the fingers, then the toes, and next the head; all of which members he found in a remarkable fine state of preservation.

He then arranged that the commissioners should procure a case, have the mummy placed in it, and he would afterwards return with them, and see the treasure screwed down in its outer shell. Thus taking, as he imagined, every precaution that no deception could be practised upon him, by the substitution of any weighty substance being placed in the case in lieu of the "treasure-trove," he left the wily commissioners to arrange the matter; and, after the lapse of a few hours, they all returned to the hotel at Cairo, where they sat down to a well-spread repast, quite delighted with the bargain each had made.

Three days afterwards, the two crafty commissioners called upon the antiquarian, and informed him that the case was quite ready to be screwed down, and begged him to accompany them to Geezeh, which he did. Then he

had the satisfaction to see the mummy placed in the case, securely locked, directed, corded, and placed in a country *araba* (cart), after which they returned to the hotel.

In four days afterwards, the mummy was safely deposited in a spare room at Zech's, the six hundred sovereigns paid down in hard cash to the two rogues of commissioners, whom the dupe regaled with a most sumptuous luncheon, with copious libations of sparkling iced champagne.

Monsieur C. now amused himself by visiting all the different curiosities in Cairo, and as the time drew near for his departure for Pistoja, near Florence, he one morning entered the room in which the case was deposited, with the intention of nailing the address of his correspondent at Leghorn upon it. His olfactory nerves were assailed with such an offensive effluvia on his entrance therein, that he became quite electrified; at first he thought that the disgusting odour proceeded from the bodies of some rats who might have been crushed to death in one of the drains. He approached the case, when the smell became much more offen-

sive; still, not thinking for a moment that it proceeded from the mummy, he unlocked it, but re-locked it in the twinkling of an eye, for the powerful and offensive effluvia gas emitted therefrom left him no doubt as to the fact that a recently deceased body had been embalmed in well-saturated aromatic rags! and then he became fully alive to the trick that the two rogues of commissioners had played him.

It was bad enough to have been victimized of so large a sum, but he had no desire to become the laughing-stock of the Caireens, or to have the expense of interring the body, so he hastily locked the chamber, packed his "*penates*," paid his "*note*," told the headwaiter (for Mr. Zech was absent at the time) that he should return in a few days, as he was only going to Alexandria for a week. He then put himself into the train and reached that port just in time to take his passage by the Italian steamer bound for Ancona. Previous to his departure he forwarded a small parcel containing the key of the "*morgue*," to Mr. Zech,

who had to incur the expense of the Italian apothecary's interment.

Through the kind attention of Mr. Xenos, I was shown up into an apartment. Hastily changing my travelling costume, I hurried off in a carriage to present my letter of introduction to Mr. B., but not finding him at home, as he had been summoned to attend the Viceroy at Boulac, I returned to the hotel. I had scarcely begun to unpack my *penates* when a waiter informed me that Mr. B. had sent his carriage to fetch me. Thereupon I requested him to bring my bill; and guess my astonishment when, in exchange for the Bank of England note which I had handed to him, he handed me not, as I had expected, the change in English or French money, but the following miscellaneous coins, viz., five and ten franc pieces, Spanish pillar dollars, several Russian coins of unknown names, valued at three francs each, francs, shillings, florins, Sardinian liras, half liras, Austrian quarter florins, together with a complete miscellany of smaller coins, both copper and silver, most admirably

fitted for the cases of a private museum ; together with a collection of Egyptian, Turkish, Indian, and Arab coins ! Such is the change currently given for European gold pieces throughout the whole length and breadth of Egypt, save and except in the Harems, where the gold effigy of her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon III. are the circulating medium. · So, taking a small travelling bag in my hand, I proceeded to the banker's, very loth to be hurried off in that unceremonious manner, after my journey from Alexandria, under the scorching heat of an Egyptian sun, and the *désagrémens* of whirlwinds of sand.

CHAPTER III.

ENTERING the brougham which stood at the door of the hotel, I was soon driven to Mr. B.'s residence, situated in the vicinity of the Esbekeeh Square. It was a spacious, modern, stone-built three-storied house, having a good-sized balcony in front, which commanded a view of the square and its insignificant gardens. The lower floor, or basement, was used as the bank and the upper part as the dwelling. The whole was furnished in the European style in an unostentatious yet comfortable manner. The banker's establishment was upon a very limited scale, and consisted of a German housekeeper, black page, Arab cook, coachman and grooms. His mistress was a short, thickset, ugly Arab slave girl, about sixteen years of age, named Fatima, whom he had purchased when she was very young.

Mr. B. received me most courteously, apologized for having hurried me away from the hotel, but informed me that His Highness Ismael Pacha, the Viceroy, had requested that I should become his guest until the apartments were ready for my reception in the Harem.

I remonstrated at this arrangement, as I did not think it quite prudent that I should remain in the house of a bachelor who had his mistress under the same roof, and urged the expediency of my being allowed to return to Zech's.

This, however, Mr. B. overruled, by stating that, as he was a man of business and seldom at home, I should be well cared for by his German housekeeper, Clara, who would attend to all my requirements; besides the Viceroy had particularly requested him to desire me not to form any acquaintances in Cairo. I therefore yielded to his persuasions, and there I remained almost in durance vile for a month, during which period I received every attention and respect.

Scarcely, however, had a few days passed, than I began to discover that my freedom of action was curtailed, and that I was as much a prisoner in my new abode as any subordinate

officer is when his commanding officer has placed him under arrest. I must confess that I was quite taken aback at being so uncere- moniously deprived of my liberty. During the whole of that period I was obliged to vegetate *en cuisine à l'Arabe*. Fortunately, however, the kind Clara brought me a cup of coffee and a small roll early in the morning, but without any butter, which condiment I never tasted during the whole period I remained in the service of the Viceroy, none having ever been placed upon my table.

My breakfast was served me in my own room, at twelve P.M., and which, together with my dinner, at six P.M., consisted of the following *carte* :—

Soup, made of mutton, with strings of vermi- celli floating in it.—Rice, boiled plain, and served up with tomato sauce.—Boiled mutton (for beef, lamb, or veal was *never* served up to me), of which soup had been made.—A dish composed of tomatoes, with the insides scooped out, and filled with boiled rice and minced mutton.—Boiled chicory, chopped up in imita- tion of spinach *à la Française*.

The whole of these dishes were absolutely swimming in fat.

Roast mutton, dried up to a chip.

No pastry, cheese, or malt liquor.

The dessert consisted of oranges, preserved and candied fruits.

Sauterne and claret wines.

Coffee was served up *à la Turque*, in small transparent *findjaus*, china cups, as small as egg-cups, placed in silver *zurfs*

Of these refreshments I invariably partook alone, as Mr. B. never favoured me with his company, being generally occupied in business, or else from home in attendance on the Viceroy, who is almost invariably accompanied by one of his associates in commerce, whether steaming up the Nile or lounging at any of his palaces, as the Harems are all situated at some distance from the Viceregal residences.

After having submitted to this incarceration for several weeks, I complained to Mr. B. of the diet; but the only answer I received was, that he regretted his inability to effect any alteration. Finding that my health was

suffering from it, and the want of proper exercise, I requested to be allowed carriage airing, which was granted me immediately the other English lady—who had arrived previous to my coming out to Cairo—had taken her departure for Europe.

A few days after I had taken up my residence at the banker's, Mr. B. entered my room, and informed me, that if I would step out into the balcony about six o'clock, I should have an opportunity of catching a glimpse of the Viceregal family, as Ismael Pacha generally took a drive about that time.

Feeling naturally anxious to see what kind of individuals the Viceregal party were, I moved the easy chair into the balcony at the hour named. Scarcely had I been seated there ten minutes, when I observed a handsome European-built carriage, drawn by four noble-looking English horses, with postilions on their backs, advancing towards the banker's. The blue silk blinds of the carriage-windows were only half drawn down, which enabled me to obtain a good view of the Viceregal party. Its occupants consisted of the Viceroy, the Princess Epouse

(the mother of the Prince), and the Grand Pacha Ibrahim.

As the *cortège* drew near Mr. B.'s, Ismael Pacha looked up at the balcony, smiled, and displayed his fine set of teeth. The Princess Epouse did likewise; while my *protégé* never moved his eyes off the packet of *bonbons*, out of which he was busily engaged in selecting those that pleased his palate best.

As the glimpse I caught of the party was but momentary, I had not time to scrutinize their features.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, Mr. B. introduced me to the Messrs. H. who, after having alluded to the vague contract that I had entered into with His Highness's agent in London, inquired of me if I were willing to enter the Harem; to which I merely replied, "Most certainly, as my object in coming out to Egypt was to take charge of the young prince; and I was quite prepared to enter on the duties of my appointment."

"Well, then, madam," replied Mr. H., "I think it necessary that I should explain to you the reason why you were spirited away, as it seemed to you, from Zech's. It was owing to another English lady being resident there at the time. I cannot tell you exactly how it occurred, but Miss T. was so badly advised as to pay a visit to the Harem of Said Pacha, the

late Viceroy ; which imprudence, having come to His Highness's notice, he forthwith declined to allow her to take charge of the Prince, and requested our mutual friend, Mr. B., to have the kindness to give up a part of his residence for your accommodation ; as he did not wish that you should form any acquaintances at the hotel, or associate with a lady who had so far forgotten herself as to 'peep and pry' into other Harems.

" Now, as that affair is finally disposed of, no further restraint will be imposed upon you, and you are at liberty to take whatever carriage exercise you may think proper. My chief object, however, in calling upon you this morning, is to inform you what duties will be required of you. As you are necessarily ignorant of the manners and customs of Egypt, I must mention that the Viceroy labours under the delusion that he will be poisoned.

" The young Prince will be placed entirely under your charge. You must never lose sight of him ; for it will undoubtedly appear strange to your unorientalized mind, but, nevertheless, it is a fact, that apprehensions are also enter-

tained that poison will be attempted to be administered to the boy, who is about five years old, in some form or other. So that he must never be left alone, nor be allowed to partake of any food which has not been previously tasted by the *Hekim Bachi*, 'Viceregal Doctor.' Besides, the Viceroy wishes that the lady, to whom he confides the charge of the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, should *never* quit the precincts of the Viceregal domains, without His Highness's special permission. That, however, you must understand, is but a mere matter of form, as you will always be able to obtain leave of absence whenever you desire to visit Cairo.

The Viceroy, with that forethought which characterizes him, has requested me to state, that as he considers his London agent has acted too parsimoniously in the matter of the pecuniary recompence named in the contract, he suggests that the stipend be doubled; that a fresh agreement should be drawn up; that the period should be extended to three years, and that the sum advanced should be allowed you in part payment of your outfit."

I replied, "That I was quite sensible of His Highness's kind offer; but that I could not possibly think of binding myself for any longer period than two years; and, besides, I requested that a clause should be inserted therein, so that, in case of ill health, I might be able to resign the appointment."

"Most assuredly," replied Mr. H., "there cannot be the slightest objection to such an amendment; and our mutual friend, Mr. B., will have the contract drawn up forthwith; and as soon as the apartments in the Harem are ready for your occupation, he will kindly see you installed therein. As I am going to Constantinople, some members of my family there being rather seriously indisposed, I wish you good morning, trusting that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on my return; or at Constantinople, should you accompany Her Highness the Princess Epouse to that city in the summer." Saying which, he, together with Mr. B., took their departure.

Day after day passed away, and still I could learn no intelligence when it was probable that I should be installed in my office. The only

reply that I could get to my inquiries was, that the apartments were not ready. The monotony of my daily life, the surveillance which was kept over all my actions, the want of a little social intercourse with Europeans, and the constant use of Arab diet, began to tell sadly upon my constitution; and at times I felt half inclined to resign that post, the duties of which I had not even entered upon.

After a great deal of perseverance I obtained a slight alteration in my diet, by the occasional change of boiled mutton for a little chicken broth, the chicken being served up whole after having been boiled in the soup; some potatoes, most wretchedly cooked, and a dish of mutton chops burnt up to a cinder, and as hard as leather, without a spoonful of gravy or sauce of any kind. Fortunately, I had taken the precaution to bring out with me a small library of books, and in the hurry of my departure had left a little needlework to be finished, or else I really must have died of *ennui*.

For upwards of twenty days I was doomed to pass my existence in that senseless, unprofitable manner. True it is, that in the cool of

the evening I took carriage exercise, which gave me an opportunity of examining every nook and corner of Cairo and its immediate vicinity. At the end of about three weeks another of the Messrs. H., whom I will designate as Mr. C. H., called upon Mr. B., had an interview with me, and seemed quite surprised that the Viceroy had not sent for me to enter the Harem. In the conversation that he had with Mr. B. he went so far as to express his opinion that Ismael Pacha must have forgotten my existence; and notwithstanding that Mr. B. informed him that His Highness was quite aware of my being his guest, and that my apartments were not yet fitted up, he flew off at a tangent, went post-haste to the Viceroy, and on his return told me that I must go then and there into the Harem.

The abruptness and authoritative tone of his manner were something new to me. I had not been accustomed to receive such treatment at the hand of persons of even exalted rank in my own country, about whose presence I had been brought up, and my sensitive feelings naturally rebelled at such behaviour. Stifling my anger,

I coolly and calmly replied, that, as it was my Sabbath, I should most certainly not enter the Harem on that day, but that I would be ready to obey His Highness's behest on the morrow.

I was sorry to quit the hospitable roof of the banker, where I should have been exceedingly comfortable had Mr. B. only taken the precaution to have had my meals served from Zech's Hotel, as then I could have lived on European and not Arab diet, to the constant use of which latter my health eventually succumbed.

CHAPTER V.

I ROSE early on the morrow, and yet my spirits felt depressed. Mr. B. visited me, and expressed his deep regret that he was prevented from accompanying me to the Palace, as he was obliged to proceed to Alexandria; at the same time adding: "I could not possibly have escorted you beyond the precincts of the chief eunuch's apartments. As you must necessarily be quite ignorant of the importance of those officials in the Harem, especially the Grand Eunuch, who, by virtue of his office, amasses most fabulous sums of money, I will give you a brief account of them.

"Many of them become most important personages in the country, hold high offices in the State, and even those who do not attain to such rank possess great influence. They are gene-

rally mounted upon richly-caparisoned Arab horses, the saddles and bridles of which are embroidered with gold. The horse wears round his neck, like an amulet, two silver wild-boar handspikes, with the points reversed, which form a crescent, and which are thought to possess the power of guarding the rider from the '*Evil Eye!*' They are remarkably proud and haughty in their bearing, even when only of inferior rank; tenacious of the power they possess over the women of the Harems to which they are attached, and which authority they hesitate not to abuse or modify, according to their individual appreciation of each lady's merits or demerits, which they calculate according to the quantity of *baksheesh* that each fair Peri hands them. They are exceedingly avaricious, and consider wealth must be acquired by any means, no matter however questionable; so that the majority of them are very rich. Their infirmity of body makes them despise all mortals, but especially women; so that it is a source of gratification for them to tyrannize over them as despotically as they can. Still, their love of the '*mammon of unrighteousness,*'

their idolatry of gold, makes them subservient to that all-potent sovereign, Prince Baksheesh.

“Their contempt for the whole race of mortals is proverbial, but especially for all ‘dogs of Christians.’ You must have remarked, as they ride along upon their prancing Arab steeds, with what disdain they look down upon all passers-by. No Asiatic prince could possibly treat his subjects with greater imperiousness. I remember your asking me, one day, the name of that stately eunuch whom you noticed ride past my house last week, on a beautiful milk-white Arab. I cannot do better than narrate his history to you. He is called Dafay, is free, and a millionaire; but how he acquired his wealth may appear to you a mystery. I will enlighten you on that point. •

“There are exceptions to all rules, so that Dafay never was a woman-hater; on the contrary, like many of his race, he respects, nay, loves them. I know for certain that he has at the present time several female slaves in his service, one of whom ranks as his *ikbal* (‘favourite’), and she is dressed and waited upon like a princess. She is the mistress of the

Harem of her fond and jealous husband; the apartments in which are furnished in grand style; nay, quite equal to any of the private apartments of the Viceroy.

“ Well, I now come to his antecedents. He belonged to a very rich Bey (Colonel), who, being partial to him, placed him at the head of his Harem. The Bey had two legitimate wives, who lived together in the most cordial manner, and contributed reciprocally to their master’s happiness. Dafay fell violently in love with one of them, and what is still more extraordinary, his passion was returned. It was, therefore, very natural that he should show *that* wife most marked attention, and neglect or tyrannize over the other. It is not necessary that I relate their quarrels and peccadilloes; suffice it to add, that the eunuch and his *inamorata* laid a snare for the other wife, and then, as an excuse that she had committed adultery with one of the Bey’s servants who had left, Dafay stabbed her; but I have heard it stated that he actually allowed his *chère amie* to have the satisfaction of destroying her rival herself. What the Bey said on his return home I never could learn.

Certain, however, it is that the whole affair was hushed up, and that the eunuch, instead of losing his master's good graces, as might have been expected, rose higher in his favour.

“Not long afterwards the Bey died, having made a will, in which he bequeathed all his property to his faithful Dafay. At the time of his decease, many ugly reports were circulated, although the will was perfectly legal, and the Bey's death very sudden. Many of the gossips of Cairo state, that the eunuch became jealous of his master; that he coveted his wife, whom he loved most passionately; and that, as he had already committed one crime for her, he threatened to denounce her, unless she put her husband out of the way. An Asiatic's love stops at nothing, and he spares no cost to attain his ends. The mysterious doings in the Harems are generally enveloped in impenetrable darkness. It is utterly impossible for the Minister of Justice at any time to move in such delicate affairs.

“Shortly afterwards Dafay *married* the widow, and disbursed the '*taluris*' (money) of the deceased with no niggardly hand. It is

rumoured that he is fearfully jealous ; but not a syllable is ever uttered for or against his wife. They have a numerous family, and that fact speaks volumes with regard to all eunuchs."

I found that the duties of the Viceregal Grand Eunuch were almost legion. Independent of his daily attendance upon their Highnesses, he read prayers to his staff of attendants and the whole corps of eunuchs ; the younger of whom he instructed, not only in their duties, but also in reading and transcribing the Koran. Many a time and oft I have heard him, when passing his apartment, as Dr. Herbelot has so admirably expressed it, "reading the blessed Koran, with the seven different readings, and telling how seven different messengers were sent, at seven different times, to bring seven handfuls of seven different sorts of soil, from seven different stages of the earth ; she (the earth) refusing all the seven messengers, for she said, 'I consent not that Allah make so bad a thing as man.'"

I found all these spectres of men most particularly anxious to obtain every information they could as to the manners and customs of

us unbelievers ; for whom, however, in their hearts they have the most sovereign contempt ; and yet from all of them, but especially the *Kislar Agaci*, I received the most marked attention, courtesy, and respect. Not the slightest approach to any display of familiarity, or any overbearing behaviour, was manifested towards me.

On the contrary, they were ever ready to discharge my commands with alacrity and fidelity. And yet I never propitiated them with *baksheesh*, though I have seen *my* Princess purchase of sovereigns in the hands of the Grand Eunuch, as their Highnesses had expressly forbidden me to place any offering on the shrine of that all-potent sovereign ruler of Egypt ; so that, instead of finding those phantoms of men the crabbed, disagreeable apparitions I had been led to believe them, I had the pleasure of experiencing from them every politeness and civility.

So far as lie in their power and they could understand me, they supplied all my exigencies, notwithstanding that I was a Hawajee—a daughter of that accursed race, one of the ba-

nished Peris from their celestial Paradise, the Prophet's *seventh* heaven; and yet that erudite German Orientalist, Rückert, tells us that the true Moslem believes that

- "In the nine heavens are *eight* paradises?
● Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in the paradises,
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in the paradises,
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Rather, O man! want those eight paradises,
Than be without the ninth one in thy breast.
Given to thee are those eight paradises,
When thou the ninth one hast within thy breast."

All the inmates of the Harems believe that when young children die, they are turned into the flowers with which Paradise is decorated, and that birds and all animals are the spirits of their lost friends,—except dogs, which are spirits of the departed Israelites and unbelievers; hence the reason that they never allow them to caress them, or to become domiciled with them.

Having returned the banker my most grateful thanks for his kindness and attention, I entered his elegant brougham, and, accompanied by his

page, who seated himself on the box with the coachman, we proceeded along an excellent road to the banks of the Nile, opposite Ghezire. There I alighted, and was handed into one of the Viceregal barges by the coachman, at the stern of which was a small cabin, into which I descended by two steps; around it was a divan, covered with red and white damask. It was manned by twelve Arab boatmen, dressed like the ordinary Arabs, but wearing turbans. The Viceregal standard, the everlasting crescent, floated at the stem and stern. On they rowed most vigorously, and, in less than ten minutes, I was landed at the stairs of the Harem.

The building is a very plain structure, the exterior of which is painted like the trunks of the trees at the Dutch model village of Broeck. In appearance it resembles the letter E, and is a large pile composed of five blocks of buildings. Proceeding to the one which faced the Nile, I entered *The Harem* ("sacred"), passed through a small door—the grating sounds of whose huge rusty hinges still seem to creak in my ears like the grinding of the barrel-organ of

an itinerant Italian or Savoyard—which led into a courtyard, at that time lined, not with a corps of the Egyptian infantry, with their shrill brass band playing opera airs, but with a group of hard-working Fellahs and Arabs, toiling away like labourers in the London docks, and rolling into that immense space hundreds of bales of soft Genoa velvets, the costliest Lyons silks, rich French satins, most elegantly designed muslins, fast, gaudy - coloured Manchester prints, stout Irish poplins, the finest Irish linens, Brussels, Mechlin, Valenciennes, Honiton, and imitation laces, Nottingham hose, French silk stockings, French and Coventry ribbons, cases of the purest Schiedam, pipes of spirits of wine, huge cases of fashionable Parisian boots, shoes, and slippers, immense chests of *bonbons*, in magnificent fancy - worked cases, boxes, and baskets, bales of *tombeki*, and the bright golden-leaved tobacco of Is-tam-bol (Constantinople); Cashmere, India, French, and Paisley shawls, of the most exquisite designs; baskets of pipe-bowls, cases of amber mouth-pieces, cigarette papers, and a whole host of miscellaneous packages, too various to enume-

rate, of other commodities, destined for the use of the inmates of that vast conservatory of beauty—all supplied by His Highness's partners. For, be it known to you, gentle reader, that the Viceroy of Egypt may most appropriately be styled, *par excellence*, the Sinbad of the age, the merchant prince of the terrestrial globe; but full well

“He knows he cannot his treasure with him take,
When forced of life's bright feast an end to make;
His wealth then thus he gives away,
To his lovely consorts day by day.”

Here I was received by two young eunuchs, one of whom was attired in a light drab uniform, embroidered with silk of the same colour. The other wore a similar costume, but of red. Both “sported” fezes. They salaamed me most respectfully in the Oriental manner, by putting their fingers to their lips, then to the heart, and finished by touching their foreheads.

I was then ushered through another door, the portals of which were also guarded by a group of eunuchs, similarly attired, but whose uniforms were most costly embroidered. Their features

were hideous and ferocious; their figures corpulent, and carriage haughty.

They also salaamed me in the most approved Oriental style. Thence passing along a marble passage I entered a large stone hall, which was supported by huge granite pillars, which led me to the grand staircase, where I was received by the Chief Eunuch, who is called *Kislar Agaci*, "the captain of the girls," and sometimes *Darus-seailet Agaci*, "the guardian of the Mansion of Bliss."

This giant spectre of a man (for he was upwards of six feet high), who quite belied his caste, for he was a pleasing, affable, yet noble-looking personage, having a most diminutive head, almost as tiny as that of the great master of English composition, De Quincey, the celebrated writer of "The Confessions of an Opium Eater" (and who, like that marvellous genius, I soon found out, had a mania for eating and smoking narcotics), advanced towards me, made his salaam, and ushered me, the *hated*, despised Giaour, into the noble marble hall of the Harem, which was then for the first time polluted by the footsteps of the unbeliever. The scene

around me was so singular and strange, that I paused to contemplate it. The hall was of vast dimensions, supported by beautiful porphyry pillars, and the marble floor was covered with fine matting. I was now handed over to the Lady Superintendent of the slaves—a very wealthy woman, about twenty-four years of age, with fine dark blue eyes, aquiline nose, large mouth, and of middle stature.

She was attired in a coloured muslin dress and trousers, over which she wore a quilted lavender-coloured satin paletot. Her head was covered with a small blue gauze handkerchief, tied round it, and in the centre of the forehead, tucked up under it, a lovely natural dark red rose. She wore a beautiful large spray of diamonds, arranged in the form of the flower, “forget me not,” which hung down like three tendrils below her ear on the left side. Large diamond drops were suspended from her ears, and her fingers were covered with numerous rings, the most brilliant of which were a large rose pink diamond, and a beautiful sapphire. Her feet were encased in white cotton stockings and black patent leather Parisian shoes. Her

name was Anina; she had formerly been an *Ikbal*, "favourite." Beside her were grouped a host of slaves, all of whom appeared to be Arabs, and whose condition approximates to that of domestic servants in Europe, with this difference, that they cannot quit the precincts of the Harem without permission, but which is often given to them to go shopping, which they do unaccompanied by any of the eunuchs.

They are often sent to schools: some of them can read Arabic and Turkish—none, however, can write. As a general rule, they are condemned to *celibacy*, but it frequently happens that they are freed, given away in marriage, and, most horrible to relate, instances have been known of their having been united to their *own* children. They amass great wealth, by dint of hoarding up the *baksheesh* which has been distributed to them on grand occasions. The black slaves, who are chiefly natives of Nubia and Ethiopia, are generally employed in the mean and laborious duties of the household. They never obtain their liberty, but pass their old age in a state of idleness. The nurses to the Viceroyal family are an exception, since they are

invariably emancipated, and many of them often marry some of the slaves who are engaged in the out-door work.

The Lady Superintendent now took me by the hand, led me up two flights of stairs, covered with thick rich Brussels carpet of a most costly description, and as soft and brilliant in colours as the dewy moss of Virginia Water. The walls were plain. Then we passed through a suite of several rooms, elegantly carpeted, in all of which stood long divans, some of which were covered with white and others with yellow and crimson satin. Over the doorways hung wide satin damask curtains, looped up with heavy silk cords and tassels to correspond, with richly gilded cornices over each, and the windows which overlooked the Nile had Venetian shutters attached to them outside. Against the walls were fixed numerous silver chandeliers, each containing six wax candles, with frosted-coloured glass shades, made in the form of tulips over them. On each side of the room large mirrors were fixed in the wall, each of which rested on a marble-topped console table, supported by gilded legs. The only other

articles of furniture that were scattered about the apartment were a dozen common English cane-bottom *kursi*, "chairs."

Across one apartment a line was suspended, on which hung the Princess's jackets, wardrobes being totally unknown within the precincts of this "Enchanted Castle." Against the walls of another were piled up the beds, which heap was covered over with a rich silk coverlet. On the divan was placed a silver tray (as the use of both toilet tables and washhand-stands was totally unknown) containing the Princess's toilet requisites. These merely consisted of a plain black india-rubber dressing comb, a white ivory handled hair brush, a very large-sized small-tooth-comb, two tooth-brushes, a glass box, containing tooth dentifrice from Paris, a small round silver bowl, into which poured the perfumed (rose) water with which Her Highness, the mother of the Grand Pacha, dressed her hair, the substitute for oil or pomatum (neither of which is ever used by any of the Viceregal family), and a large bottle of essences, all of which were covered over with a transparent crimson silk gauze cloth, bespangled with gold

crescents, and bordered with gold fringe an inch deep.

In another apartment stood a large mahogany cupboard, containing the fumigating powders which are burnt in the rooms, dried fruits, soaps, essences, boots, shoes, quantities of cast-off wearing apparel, Her Highness's cash-box, a small black ebony casket inlaid with gold, packets of cigarettes, cigarette papers, tobacco, pipe-bowls, silver braziers and dishes, zurfs, both in japan, china, and silver. Jewellery cases, candles, and a complete miscellany of sundry articles; in fact, it was a "*curiosity shop*."

At the extremity of those rooms I was led into a smaller apartment, where, on the divan (so called from the Persian word *dive*, signifying "fairy, gem") which was covered with dirty, faded yellow satin, sat the Princess Epouse. She is a wee dwarf of a handsome blonde, with fine blue eyes, short nose, rather large mouth with a fine set of teeth, expressive countenance, but rather sharp and disagreeable voice; her hair was cut in the Savoyard fashion, with two long plaits behind, which were turned round, over the small brown gauze handkerchief she

wore round her head, in which were placed, like a band, seven large diamond flies.

She was attired in a dirty, crumpled, light-coloured muslin dress and trousers, sat *à la Turque*, doubled up like a clasped knife, without shoes or stockings, smoking a cigarette. Her waist was encircled with a white gauze handkerchief, having the four corners embroidered with gold thread. It was fastened round, so as to leave two ends hanging down like the lappet of a riding-habit. Her feet were encased in *babouches*, "slippers without heels."

By her side sat the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, her son, so styled after the manner adopted by the renowned Mahomet Ali with the Princess Nuzley, "*Nuzley Hanem*." He was dressed in the uniform of an officer of the Egyptian infantry. On his head he wore the fez; across his shoulder hung a silver-gilt chain, from which was suspended a small silver square box beautifully chased with cabalistic figures of men, beasts, and trees, enclosed inside which was another smaller box made of cypress wood, which contained verses of the Koran. He was about five years old, of dark complexion, short

Arab nose, and rather tall for his age, and looked the very picture of a happy, round-faced cherub. When I approached towards the divan, he gave full proof that his lungs were in a healthy state, as he set up a most hideous shriek, buried his black head in his mother's lap, who laughed most heartily at the strange reception His Highness had thought proper to bestow upon his future governess.

In front of the divan, behind, and on each side of me, stood a bevy of the ladies of the Harem, assuredly not the types of Tom Moore's "Peris of the East," as described in such glowing colours in his far-famed 'Lalla Rookh,' for I failed to discover the slightest trace of loveliness in any one of them. On the contrary, most of their countenances were pale as ashes, exceedingly disagreeable; fat and globular in figure; in short, so rotund, that they gave me the idea of large full moons; nearly all were *passée*. Their photographs were as hideous and hag-like as the witches in the opening scene in Macbeth, which is not to be wondered at, as some of them had been the favourites of Ibrahim Pasha. But *que voulez-vous?* It is their

“*Kismet*” to remain for ever within the four walls of the Harem. It has descended to them from primeval days—from the time of the Patriarch Abraham.

Some wore white linen dresses and trousers. Their hair and their finger-nails were dyed red with *henna*; many of them looked like old hags, in the most extended acceptance of the expression. Some wore the *tarboosh*, round which they bound coloured gauze handkerchiefs. They had handsome gold watches tucked into their waistbands, which were similar to that of Her Highness's, which hung suspended from their necks by thick, massive gold chains. Their fingers were covered with a profusion of diamond, emerald, and ruby rings; in their ears were earrings of various precious stones, all set in the old antique style in silver; while others only wore plain gauze handkerchiefs round their heads. They had been favourites in their youth. Behind stood half-a-dozen white slaves, chiefly Circassians, attired in coloured muslins, their dress and trousers being of the same pattern. Their head-gear was similar to that of the ladies of the Harem, and the orna-

ments which adorned their persons were equally as costly.

The Mistress Superintendent introduced me to the Princess Epouse, who kept me standing a considerable time, while she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon me and smiled.

CHAPTER VI.

THE private installation having taken place, I was conducted by Anina, according to Her Highness's orders, down the flight of stairs by which we had ascended on a tour of inspection through the Princess's suite of rooms. We proceeded across a small garden, then along two large stone halls, around which were ranged divans, similarly covered with worsted damask, on which the slaves lounged about in the day and slept at night. A large deal table stood at each end. On each side are several rooms, in one of which is kept the drinking water. This is placed in large earthen jars, resembling, both in size and pattern, olive-jars; the key of which is in the charge of a black slave, whose office it is to dispense it daily. In another is made their Highness's coffee. Another is appropri-

ated as the dormitory of the German laundry-maid and needlewoman.

Thence we passed along a stone passage which leads to Her Highness's bath-room, a small apartment entered by a red-baize covered door, studded with brass nails. The marble bath is both long and wide, with taps for cold and hot water. The water used for bathing actually boils, into which their Highnesses enter when taking their baths. This only occurs when they have visited the Viceroy, and not daily, or even at any other time, as so many authors have so erroneously stated. The bath of the poets is a myth.

They are attended by two white slaves, who soap their persons all over before they enter the bath, on retiring from which they are shampooed and highly perfumed. Leading out of the bath-room is a small dressing-room, having a divan around it covered with red velvet. Here a slave holds a toilet-glass in her hand, while Her Highness, seated on the divan, dresses herself.

Proceeding along a stone passage we passed into another pile of buildings, the basement of which was used as the laundry, in which stood

numerous wooden tanks placed on the stones, as the slaves, who wash everything in cold water, perform that operation squatting on the floor. After the clothes have been rinsed, but without blue being mixed in the water, they are hung up on lines in a large stone yard. On Sundays the Viceroy's clothes are washed. Mondays are appropriated for Her Highness the first wife's linen. Tuesday for that of Her Highness the Princess Epouse (the second wife). Wednesday for Her Highness the third wife's. Thursday for that of the Grand Pacha Ibrahim. Friday being the Turkish and Egyptian Sabbath, because their prophet Mahomet was conceived on that day, is kept holy. On Saturday the linen of the ladies of the Harem, the children, and the domestic slaves is washed. The ironing and getting-up of the linen takes place in the hall on the deal tables; but I shall have occasion hereafter to enter into a minute detail of that process.

After we had inspected these apartments, I was led up a noble marble staircase covered with gaudy coloured oil-cloth, into the suite of apartments appropriated to the use of my pupil,

the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, who was, it will be observed, *not* domiciled in the Harem; although, I must inform my readers, it was formerly the custom both in Egypt as well as at Constantinople, to have all the Princes brought up in a part of that isolated apartment in the Harem called *Cafess*, "Cage," which was surrounded by lofty walls.

There the Princes were kept from their cradle, without holding any communication with the outer world, or any officers of the palace, in order that every ambitious and magnanimous thought might be radically extirpated in the society of those Thugs of the Ottoman Empire—the mutes; those phantoms of humanity, the eunuchs (who now act the part formerly played by the mutes, as there are but one or two in the palace at Constantinople, and not *one* in Egypt); hags of women—most lascivious and disgusting harridans; and lewd, intriguing and aspiring slaves. Thus both sultans and vice-roys had no cause of fear.

From this gilded dungeon, for in fact it was no better, the successor to the throne issued upon the death of the reigning sultan, of course

in utter ignorance, with no knowledge of men and of affairs, and quite prepared to vegetate upon the throne, as it was too late for him to learn anything; and the slothfulness in which he had been brought up too deeply rooted in his mind to be eradicated. So that many of them became cruel, others besotted, while the rest of the Princes continued to vegetate for the remainder of their existence in the cage, where they were taught, as an antidote against melancholy madness, some mechanical art. Many were employed in learning turnery, others in making bows and arrows; some in carving tortoise-shell and ebony, embroidering morocco leather or muslin. The cleverest generally amused themselves by transcribing the Koran and other canonical works.

Whenever it happened (which, however, was of rare occurrence) that any of them were called upon to hold any distinguished post, they passed, as it were, from darkness into light; were generally overawed by the despotism of those around them; and when they managed to shake off that thralldom, they became steeped in cruelty and brutal lust, of which the erudite Dr. Abbott,

in his work on Egypt, has left most painful yet faithful records.

I was then conducted into the Princesses' suite of apartments, which consisted of two large saloons, covered with magnificent Brussels carpet, but completely besprinkled, as it were, with spots of white wax, which had been suffered to fall from the candles which the slaves carry about in their fingers. Around them were placed divans covered with red satin damask; the window and door hangings of the same material: a very large mirror, reaching down from the ceiling, which was painted with flowers and fruits, with the crescent, and numerous warlike instruments, and music, placed in each corner, to the top of a marble table supported on gilded legs, on each of which stood a silver chandelier containing eight wax candles, with red-coloured glass shades covered with painted flowers.

Out of each of these rooms doors opened into seven others, which are the dormitories of the young Princesses, the daughters of the Viceroy, and the ladies of the Harem.

On the right-hand side of the first room was the small bedroom which was assigned me as

my apartment, and which was to serve me, like

“ The cobbler’s stall,
For chamber, drawing-room, and all,”

and into which my guide conducted me. It was carpeted, having a divan covered with green and red striped worsted damask, which stood underneath the window, which commanded a fine *coup-d’œil* of the gardens attached to the palace and the Viceroy’s pavilion. The hangings of the double doors and windows were of the same material. The furniture consisted of a plain green-painted iron bedstead, the bars of which had never been fastened, and pieces of wood, like the handles of brooms, and an iron bar, were placed across, to support the two thin cotton mattresses that were laid upon it. There were neither pillows, bolsters, nor any bed-linen ; but as substitutes were placed three thin flat cushions ; not a blanket, but two old worn-out wadded coverlets lay upon the bed. Not the sign of a dressing-table or a chair of any description, and a total absence of all the appendages necessary for a lady’s bedroom—not even a vase. Certes, there stood within

that narrow cupboard-like uncomfortable-looking chamber a Parisian chest of drawers (rather a wonder, for the Turkish and Egyptian ladies invariably place their body-linen, &c., in the *youks*, cupboards, constructed in the walls of their rooms) having a marble top, and a shut-up washhand-stand, to correspond with an elegantly-painted ewer and basin of porcelain.

I gazed at the accommodation assigned to me with surprise; and yet, what could I have expected, as every apartment which I had passed through was totally destitute of everything that ought to have been placed therein? Not a footstool, no pianos, nor music-stools; not a picture adorned the walls. Being "The Bower of Bliss" of a descendant of the formidable Mahomet Ali, who so boldly repudiated the Prophet Mahomet's doctrine, "that pictures were an abomination," it was but natural for me to imagine that I should find some beautiful paintings decorating the principal apartments. But no, none hung there. Not a single article of *vertu* graced the rich console tables.

In short, not any of the splendid rooms of the Enchanted Palace of the Croesus of the

nineteenth century contained anything, either for ornament or use, except the bare decorations. In fact, the whole of them seemed to me nothing more than places in which to lie down and in which to vegetate, aided by eatables and drinkables, and sleep. They were even destitute of *soofras*, "tables," whose shapes are very rude, height about a foot, breadth as wide as a plate; just large enough to hold a Turkish coffee-cup, "*findjar*," or the bowl of a pipe, and, although inlaid with small variegated pieces of mother-of-pearl, are only pretty, not having anything rich or elegant about them; still, none were to be seen. Accustomed to the elegant manner in which drawing-rooms of the nobility of my own country are set off with elegant *fauteuils*, superb occasional chairs, *recherché* nicknacks, as well as a whole host of most costly things, they presented a most beggarly and empty appearance. The whole of the Harem looked like a house only partially furnished; in short, like a dwelling which either the poverty or the niggardness of its proprietor had prevented from being properly furnished.

At first I thought this proceeded from parsimony ; for well do we know that a miser—and the Viceroy, like his strange character of a father, Ibrahim Pacha, who was one of the most notorious usurers of his day—loves bright golden sovereigns as dearly as his life ; but I afterwards learned that it was *à la mode Turque*, for elegance is quite eschewed by all true Ottomans.

It most decidedly evinces a great superiority in remarkable characters, who have revelled in the midst of profusion, to be able—like that departed warrior of the nineteenth century, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, who expired in his small apartment at Walmer Castle, plainly fitted up with that camp furniture which had been his only luxury throughout his most memorable campaigns—to resign, without a murmur, almost every luxury and convenience. It exhibits a healthy independence of externals ; but it is a state of things that brings women down to the level of the brute.

Retracing our footsteps Anina led me into that vast, regal-looking chamber, the Hall of Audience of the Castle of Indolence ; for it was

much more spacious and loftier than the Long Room in the Custom House in London. The floor was beautifully enamelled, as it were, with that native product of the East, the glowing alphabet of that mystic code of signals, the language of flowers, woven on the finest carpeting which the looms of Belgium ever wrought. The lofty ceiling was as exquisitely painted with Egyptian landscapes as the Imperial saloons of Versailles, and an immense gilt chandelier hung suspended from the rich corniced roof. The walls were papered with floral designs, all in unison with that lovely bouquet, that blossomed, as it were, beneath the impious footsteps of my unbelieving self. The hangings of the lofty doors and noble windows, overlooking those perfumed gardens which had never before been trodden by any "dog of a Christian," were of the most costly description. They were composed of rich yellow satin damask curtains, overtopped with elaborately-gilded cornices, and looped up with massive silk cords and heavy bullion tassels. From the walls projected silver chandeliers, ornamented with coloured tulip-shaped shades, the transparent wax candles in

which, when lighted, threw forth a most agreeable pink shade over the whole of this superb and princely reception saloon. Long divans, covered with rich satin damask, bespangled with the eternal gold and silver crescents glittering about in all directions, like stars

“In the ethereal firmament on high,”

were placed under the whole length of the windows.

Here, indeed, might be seen a few signs of elegance and refinement, as numerous richly-inlaid console tables, which, in point of beauty of workmanship and design, might vie in splendour with those in the Pitti Palace at Florence, supported on richly-gilded legs, were scattered about, on which stood several beautifully-painted Sèvres and Japan china vases, filled with most lovely nosegays!

Ah! gentle reader! they were bouquets such as the hand of no European court florist could possibly have arranged; they were, in fact, mosaics of petalled gems, works of art, touches of genius, brilliant gewgaw, toy-like bouquets, which would outvie the far-famed taste of the

flower-girls of lovely Florence, with all nature's fair charms at their command to construct, which only the fingers of the ladies of the Harem (for that is one of the special duties they perform) could possibly mingle together. The harmonious blending of the brilliant colours, the amalgamation of the delicious fragrance of their powerful perfumes produced nosegays which, while they charmed the eye, emitted forth a fragrance that quite intoxicated the senses. Between them were placed handsomely-painted Japan china transparent drinking-cups, similar in shape to cordial vessels, standing in saucers as large as dessert plates.

In the centre stood mechanical Parisian gilt timepieces, under large glass shades, marking Turkish time, which is counted from sunrise to sunset, and which are daily regulated by the timepiece at the Grand Mosque at Cairo, which is also set according to the setting of the sun. They played tunes in lieu of striking the hours, or chiming the quarters and half-hours. Immense gilt mirrors reached from the top of the ceiling down to the floor.

But, oh! horror of horrors! the European

innovation of a dozen common English cane-bottom chairs, on which I afterwards beheld some of the ladies of the Harem endeavour to establish themselves, and at which exhibition not only myself, but the Viceroy and the Grand Pacha could not refrain from laughing outright! as one of their legs hung down, looking most miserably forlorn, while the other sought in vain for room to double itself up upon the chair like a hen at roost. This was not, most assuredly, in keeping with the magnificent decorations of this palatial hall; and this constituted all the furniture. It looked bare, vacant, and miserably empty.

Upon re-entering the apartment, I beheld the Princess Epouse (the second wife), and whom I designated, in contradistinction to the other two wives, my Princess, as I was attached to her suite, seated on the divan, doubled up like a clasp-knife, attired in Turkish costume, very plainly dressed, wearing the gauze handkerchief wound round her head, and fastened with a band, containing seven (the Moslem's magical number, as they believe there are no less than seven heavens) large diamond pins,

forming as many of those scourges of Egypt, flies.

She was smoking a cigarette, for cigarettes have of late years almost superseded the use of pipes in this Elysium of Love. Perhaps the expense of those costly amber-mouthed and jewel-studded stems used by the élite of the Turkish and Egyptian ladies of rank, may have contributed in no slight degree to that innovation—for economy in the East appears to be the order of the day. Her Highness was smoking it most cleverly. she really seemed to puff away at it as if it were her amusement, and so it evidently was; but yet I soon discovered that my Princess, like the generality of all honourable Turks, was the *slave* to tobacco in the form of cigarettes. I cannot help thinking that such constant use of the weed vitiates their character, and renders stagnant the small stock of stability with which the Almighty has endowed the Ottomans of both sexes. Well, there she sat, just like one of the porcelain figures which ornament the chimney-pieces in Germany. Not a muscle did she move—she looked like wax-work, and her figure would have made an excellent addition to Madame Tussaud's celebrities

How much did I regret that I had not been taught the art of taking photographs, for then I could have daguerretyped the whole of the inmates of the Harems of Egypt and Constantinople. It was an opportunity missed of portraying, from life, the caged beauties of the East. This is much to be regretted, as no other European lady is ever again likely to have the chance. By her side sat the darling of her soul, the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, his person unadorned by any jewel, except the blue turquoise bead in the tassel of his fez.

Several of the young Princesses, the daughters of their Highnesses the first and second wives, sat close to her. The eldest of these was about sixteen years of age. Her name was Niemour; she was tall and slender in figure, of dark complexion, brown eyes, short nose, and was attired in white linen; her feet were encased in light-coloured French boots, her hair was bundled up, uncombed, into a dark net, and round her head she wore a circlet of blue velvet, with a plume of red feathers hanging over the left side of her face. She wore no ornaments.

Around this group of the Viceregal family

stood about fifty slaves, in the form of a semi-circle. There Arabs, Abyssinians, Ethiopians, and Nubians, were all mingled indiscriminately together, dressed in different coloured muslins, all wearing handkerchiefs on their heads, and attired in satin, stuff, and silk paletots of almost every colour in the rainbow; in short they formed a complete kaleidoscope. Their hands and ears were most profusely ornamented. On the former they wore numerous rings of diamonds, and other valuable stones; in the latter, large brilliant earrings, which were tied from ear to ear at the back of the head, with a piece of twisted coloured cord, so as to prevent them from losing them—as they are placed in the ear without rings, and hang down upon a piece of twisted gold wire, in shape like a watch-hook. All had valuable gold watches, which were suspended from their necks by thick massive gold chains stuck in their waistbands.

As I approached, the Princess Epouse rose from the divan, motioned to me to occupy her seat, and thus was I officially installed as governess to the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, the infant son of Ismael Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt.

CHAPTER VII.

As soon as the Princess Epouse had quitted the *oda*, "apartment," I was surrounded by the entire motley group of slaves, both black and white. Most of them assumed singular gestures; some knelt and kissed my hands, others my knees, and many of them squatted themselves down at my feet. The ladies of the Harem patted me on the back, a sign of their pleasure at seeing me; and almost all kissed my cheeks.

All of a sudden I was electrified at hearing upwards of fifty voices exclaiming simultaneously, "*Koneiis! Qui-yis! Koneiis!*" "Pretty! Pretty!" While a whole chorus shouted forth, "*Gurzel! Gurzel!*" "Beautiful! Beautiful!"

Some of them took up the black straw-hat which I had taken off and laid down upon the divan at my side. This they passed from hand

to hand, gazing with pleasure and delight at that specimen of English manufacture. After this they examined the whole of my costume from head to foot. What seemed to attract their notice the most was the crinoline I wore, which was by no means a large-sized one; and yet many Turkish and Egyptian ladies of the present day may be seen in the streets of Alexandria and Constantinople walking about in that appendage.

At the earnest request of some of the ladies of the Harem, I rose from my seat, and walked up and down that noble hall, in order that they might see how European ladies generally paced up and down their rooms.

Anina, thinking that I must require some refreshment after my journey from Cairo, clapped her hands, which is the Turkish and Egyptian manner of calling domestics, when two white slaves left the room, but soon returned, accompanied by two other black slaves, who carried in their hands a silver tray, on which was placed a *kebab*, a small piece of mutton on a silver skewer, which had been broiled upon charcoal almost to a cinder. It was

highly spiced and sugared. A flat cake of white Arab bread, as salt as brine, was placed by it. There were no cruets, nor sauce, nor gravy of any kind, but a knife and plated fork. This they placed upon a *soofra*, at the side of the divan.

While I was endeavouring to partake of this specimen of viceregal hospitality—for I had been so surfeited with food cooked à l'Arabe at the banker's, that my heart turned against it—they kept gazing at me in as much astonishment as a child looks at the wild beasts at their feeding time in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, and watched the manner in which I used my knife and fork and ate my unpalatable refreshment, as if I had been a wild animal out of the depths of an Indian forest.

After I had partaken of a few mouthfuls, I made a sign that I had finished, for at that time I was unacquainted either with the Arabic or Turkish languages, both of which, however, I picked up in a very short space of time. Then a *findjan*, a small cup, of the finest Mocha coffee in a gold *zarf*, was served me,

and a handful of cigarettes, made of the golden leaf tobacco of Stamboul, handed to me on a silver tray. Not having as yet acquired the fashionable habit, for it has become one on the Continent, even among the American, Russian, and English ladies (who in that respect appear of late years to have fraternized with the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese ladies), of smoking, I so far committed a breach of Oriental etiquette as to decline the fragrant weed, notwithstanding that Her Highness "my Princess" had sent them to me.

The Grand Pacha, who had now become accustomed to me, sat quietly enough by my side, playing with the charms that hung suspended from my watch-guard; for, knowing that I should find the meanest of the slaves bedecked with jewels of costly price, I had made up my mind not to wear my jewellery, and to dress as neatly and simply as my position would admit.

Soon His Highness became tired of those toys, rose from his seat, took me by the hand, with his *left* hand, while one of his little sisters clasped the other tightly in hers. They led

me down-stairs, saying that they would take me for a *benich*, "promenade," as they termed it. We accordingly proceeded across the small garden, to the hard, sandy promenade on the banks of the Nile.

I was now styled the *Cocana*, "lady," and was attended by the two usual male attendants of the Grand Pacha, one of whom was a Turk, named Reschid, and the other a Greek, Spiraki by name, a man about fifty years of age, who had originally been a merchant, and was in the service of the late Viceroy, Said Pacha. Both were dressed in black frock coats, buttoned up to the chin, and wore *fezes* on their heads. These, who walked behind myself and the Viceregal children, were followed by two soldiers, who kept at a respectful distance.

Scarcely, however, had I reached the promenade, when Spiraki, who spoke most wretched bad French, approached me, salaamed, and informed me that, as my *penates* had been placed in my chamber, I could return, as he would take charge of the Grand Pacha, and the little Princess his sister.

Consequently I retraced my steps alone, and passed into the reception hall; but scarcely had I entered my chamber, when His Highness's nurse, *dada*, whose name was Shaytan, bounced into the apartment. She was an Ethiopian, as black as ebony, having the usual negro features, with very large broad lips. Her hair, which was like wool itself, was cut short, plaited into rows round her head, over which she wore a coloured handkerchief. Her face was scarred with three large incisions on each cheek. Her countenance was one of the most artful, cunning, and malicious it is possible to conceive: she was, in fact, an admirable type of the lowest caste negress to be found in Ethiopia. She was afflicted with a most ungovernable temper. Revenge and hatred seemed to be depicted in her face, and it was an enigma to me how the Viceroy, or my Princess, could possibly have selected such a creature to nurse my pupil.

She was accompanied by half-a-dozen black slaves, certainly not very prepossessing creatures, but at all events rather more sightly than her hideous self. It appeared that they

had been employed in placing my luggage in the room. Upon seeing me the whole of them stood by while I arranged my things, staring at both myself and luggage as if I had just been imported from the Gold coast. Assuredly both myself, habiliments, manners, habits, and customs were a source of great novelty and amusement to them, so that I made all due allowance for their curiosity, and took their inquisitiveness in good part.

After having satisfied their innate desire of peeping and prying into every trunk, and handling some of the apparel I had unpacked, they salaamed and left me to myself, for which kindness I really felt thankful.

I can scarcely describe my disgust and disappointment on finding that, although I held the responsible office of *institutrice* to a prince, the only legitimate son of the wealthiest prince in the universe, the sole accommodation afforded me was a small, wretchedly-furnished dormitory, such a chamber as the lady's-maid of any of the wives of our wealthy commoners would not have slept in two nights. There I was, without a chair to sit upon, or a table

to write on, with barely room to dress in, and totally destitute of anything to make myself comfortable—not even the convenience of what the French term a *vase*!

It was such a very different reception to what I had looked forward to, that, when I thought of the comfortable home I had left in my own native land, and the kind attention I had received at Mr. B.'s, at the hands of himself and his German housekeeper, I could not help giving vent to my feelings, as I threw myself upon my hard pallet. Ah! gentle reader, it was as hard as a board, and would have disgraced the meanest cottage of our humblest peasant; and I wished a thousand times that I had never set foot within the precincts of the Harem.

It had just struck six, European time, when Shaytan, the head-nurse, entered my room most unceremoniously, and informed me that the Princess Epouse desired me to take the Grand Pacha for a walk into the garden.

Tired, vexed, and annoyed as I was, I hastily attired myself, proceeded into the reception-hall, and, taking the little prince by his *left*

hand, I descended to the promenade, accompanied by the usual retinue. Hence we passed through a small wooden gate, then across a garden, all railed in with light iron fences, to another gate which led into the garden, *par excellence*, in which was a square sheet of water, also railed round with iron fencing, having in its centre a wooden pagoda, encircled with a terrace, which is ascended by three broad marble steps, with four large lions at each corner of the structure, from the mouths of which issued forth volumes of water. A pleasure-boat was at anchor on it; black and white swans were sporting about, searching for small fry; ducks and waterfowls, much more rare and beautiful than those that are to be seen in St. James's Park, were swimming about in all directions.

On the roof of the pagoda sat a number of birds; among which were several fine specimens of Egyptian crows, of black and grey plumage, which had there built their nests.

At one end of the water stood a beautiful white marble kiosk, having handsome damask cushions placed all round the inside. At each

of the four corners of the raised marble-terraced walk around the sheet of water stood large vases, filled with odoriferous flowering shrubs and interspersed with beautiful blooming exotics; and at the sides of the corners were placed painted china cushions, so exquisitely finished that they had all the appearance of being *real* silk-covered cushions, having also china tassels suspended at each corner.

Four broad steps led down into the garden close to a plain white marble-columned gate, on the top of which stood out in bold relief the statues of two huge life-sized lions. As we proceeded along the path to the left, I examined attentively the different male and female statues that were dotted about among the orange-trees and myrtle hedges. Here and there were scattered rose-trees, the brilliancy of whose variegated colours and the perfume of their flowers were delightfully refreshing. Geraniums, of almost every hue,—jessamine, whose large white and yellow blossoms were thrice the size of those in England—and a variety of indigenous and Eastern plants, shrubs, and flowers, were so thickly studded about that they rendered

the *coup-d'œil* extremely picturesque, and perfumed the air gratefully to the senses. Verbena trees, as large as ordinary fruit trees; other plants, bearing large yellow flowers, as big as teacups, with most curious leaves; cactuses, and a complete galaxy of botanical curiosities, whose names the genius of a Paxton would perhaps be puzzled to disclose, ornamented these Elysian grounds.

At the end of this garden we entered a maze formed of myrtle hedges, then in full bloom; thence we passed along a path on the right-hand side, and came upon a "merry-go-round," on which the little prince took great delight in seating himself,

"Many a time and oft,"

while I whirled him round for many a half-hour. It was similarly constructed to those I had seen in the Champs Elysées, in Paris.

Close by was a large marble basin of water, in the centre of which, supported by four life-sized angels, from whose mouth played forth *jets d'eau*, sprung forth, as it were, another basin; and in the middle stood the colossal

figure of the goddess Ceres, bearing on her head an open-worked basket of carved marble fruit and flowers, beautifully coloured in imitation of nature; while in her exquisitely-wrought hand she held a cornucopia, filled with ears of corn and bunches of white and black grapes. The water that spouted forth from the mouths of the four cherubim was thrown up by means of an hydraulic pump, into the horn of the Goddess of Plenty, from whence it trickled down most gracefully. The lower basin was surrounded by a marble-paved verandahed walk, or terrace, interspersed with light iron fancy chairs, couches and tables. It was completely sheltered from the rays of the scorching sun by immense willow-trees planted round the basin, and numerous marble statues were scattered between their graceful drooping foliage.

Passing along another path, we reached the swings, which Tom Moore, in his 'Lalla Rookh,' describes as being "always a favourite pastime with the Orientals," which were erected in the shape of old-fashioned barouche carriages. They were all fitted up with handsome cushions, wound up with a key, swung alone by aid

of machinery, but were in a most dilapidated state.

Leaving these neglected sources of amusement, we proceeded along a path to the right, passed through a most superb marble-paved hall, the ceiling of which is in fresco and gold. It is supported upon twenty-eight plain pink-coloured marble columns, surmounted by richly-gilded Indian wheat, the leaves of which hang down most gracefully. On each side of which, and also above (all of which are now finished—they were then in course of construction) are some very handsome lofty rooms, the ceilings of which are also in fresco, with superb gilded panels and richly-decorated cornices all round.

In the centre of this regal saloon hangs a magnificent glass chandelier capable of holding two hundred wax-lights. Thence we passed through a door which led us into another garden, at the extremity of which stands the Viceroy Ismael Pacha's pavilion. For we have all along been describing the Harem Gardens, in which, however, strange to state, their Highnesses the Princesses seldom if ever

promenaded. Why or wherefore I am unable to say ; perhaps indolence was the primary cause ; but I strongly surmise that one of the chief reasons was, their Highnesses' dislike to be attended by any suite, especially their guardians the eunuchs. Therefore they refrained from roaming about this almost earthly paradise ; for it is impossible to conceive any idea of their beauty, and the skill with which they have been laid out.

The grounds of Frogmore, the Crystal Palace, St. Cloud, Versailles, the Duke of Devonshire's far-famed Chatsworth, and our national pride, Kensington Gardens, and Windsor Home Park, exquisite, beautiful, and rural as they are, most assuredly partake of the grand and magnificent ; but then they all lack the brilliant display of exotics which thrive here in such luxuriance. The groves of orange-trees, the myrtle hedges, the beautiful sheets of water, the spotless marble kiosks, the artistic statuary, are all so masterly, blended together with such exquisite taste, that these gardens, the execution of which was carried out under the personal inspection of that strangest of characters, the gallant Ibrahim Pacha, after his

return from his tour in Europe, completely outvie them.

Then we came upon an immense lake, the sides and bottom of which are paved with stone, which is covered over with marble cement; the water, by means of large pipes laid down, is supplied from the Nile.

Passing along the marble walk we soon reached the Viceroy's pavilion—

“Where in gay splendour and luxurious state
Mehemet Ali's proud descendant, on the Nile's shore,
Near old Cairo, populous and great,
Holds his bright court”

Murray, in his ‘Handbook for Egypt,’ states that “*none* of the Viceregal palaces are worth visiting.” I must beg to differ, and to explain that no travellers have as yet been able to inspect those on the banks of the Lower and Upper Nile, several of which are not only situated in most picturesque spots, but fitted up in the most luxurious regal style. In short, I hardly think it probable that sight-seers would obtain access to them, as in most cases the Harems adjoin them, and for that reason they would be inaccessible.

I shall now proceed to describe the one we were approaching. It is a long two-storied, white marble structure, most admirably erected on a highly-polished black marble terrace, and reached by a flight of three broad marble steps. A broad verandah runs along the whole length, shaped like a Chinese pagoda, and supported by sixteen red, green, and black porphyry columns; between which stand square blocks of beautifully-polished variegated marble, on which are antique-looking vases, having large rams' heads with horns as handles, and these are all filled with the choicest exotics. Suspended from the roof of the verandah hung numerous gilt lamps of exquisite design.

Entering the interior at the right-hand side, we passed into one of the finest saloons I had ever entered. The floor was covered with an elegant carpet, the pattern of which represented the most lovely moss imaginable, the brilliancy of whose shades rivalled those of the exotics in the grounds. The ceiling is most exquisitely painted in *fresco*, in squares, in each of which were represented groups of various kinds, such as men, women, and animals. Some contained

unique sketches of Egyptian landscape, views of Alexandria, Cleopatra's Needle, Cairo, as seen from the citadel, the prettiest spots up the banks of the Lower and Upper Nile, Nubia, Ethiopia, Karnac, Thebes, Constantinople, Pera, the lovely Bosphorus, and the Cataracts. The walls were hung with costly tapestry,—

“Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung.”

It was lighted by four enormously large, stained glass windows of the richest colours imaginable, and also by an immense cupola-dome. The hangings of the doors and windows were of elegant flowered white satin, the exotics on which, especially the colours of the variegated selection of roses, were most exquisitely finished. The chairs and sofas—for divans were excluded from this luxurious apartment—were of white, ormolu and gold; the seats and footstools covered with the same material, as also the couches. Large mirrors hung down from the ceiling to the floor; in short, the walls were almost like a glass curtain. In the centre stood a superb round inlaid mosaic table, supported on massive gilded feet.

On the brown and red marble mantelpiece stood a handsome large modern timepiece, supported by gilt figures, on either side of which were placed two massively-chased candelabras, each containing twelve transparent coloured wax candles.

Entering the small drawing-room adjoining, which was furnished in a similar manner, only with blue satin drapery and covers to the furniture in lieu of white, we passed into the dining-room, which was very long. It was covered with a thick green carpet, studded with raised moss-roses. In the centre stood a long carved oak dining-table, capable of accommodating thirty or forty guests. The seats of the chairs (which were of carved oak, and, most singular to add, *mitre-shaped*) were covered with green velvet, and studded with gilt nails. The walls were of oak panels, also carved in mitre-shape, which would most assuredly have shocked the orthodoxy of any mufti, if such personages have ever entered its precincts, which I very much doubt.

The roof was of stained glass, from the centre of which was suspended a large gilt chandelier,

containing no less than a hundred transparent coloured wax candles. Against the sides of the walls, and at the extremities of the room, were fixed several silver branch candelabras, each containing twelve similar lights. The hangings of the doors and windows were of green velvet, lined throughout with white satin, looped up with gold bullion tassels. Leaving which we entered another apartment. This was covered with a crimson and black carpet, the walls and ceiling similar to those of the drawing-room, having likewise silver candelabras fixed to the walls, and a most magnificent gilt chandelier hanging from the centre of the ceiling. The chairs were rosewood, covered with crimson satin, as also the divans. The hangings of the doors and windows were of the same rich material, looped up with heavy silk cords and tassels of the same colour. It was furnished with handsome ebony cabinets, inlaid with precious stones, on which stood elegant gilt cases of stuffed birds, the choicest selection of Egyptian, Indian, and American ornithology which could possibly be selected.

In the corners of this apartment stood several

stuffed animals with glass eyes, which were rolling about by means of mechanism. In front of the fireplace lay crouched down a full-sized stuffed tiger, at the sight of which, the doors being open, the Grand Pacha Ibrahim screamed so violently that I could not pacify him, nor could I persuade him to enter the apartment. On several other occasions when I visited this pavilion, where I often passed much of my time, the Prince Ibrahim never could be induced even to walk by the windows of that to him most terrible "chamber of horrors," until he had seen the attendant carefully lock the door and draw down the transparent coloured silk blinds before his face. Often have I smiled as I saw the little grandson of the renowned Ibrahim Pacha stand like a mute peering at the windows until his guard of honour had stationed themselves at the corner of each window.

Continuing my inspection alone of this elegant yet strangely-arranged room, I walked across to the other end of it, where stood a large white polar bear. A small but most beautifully-marked tiger-cat lay crouching down at

its side, and close by was a fine group of cranes. Upon examining these animals, I found that they all could be put in motion by means of the mechanical power attached to them. But what rendered it more singular, was the fact that their natural powers of articulation could be made to issue forth from their mouths, so that, literally speaking, I found myself in a den of wild beasts ; and I thought of Sir David Baird, and Tippoo Saib and his tigers—but in the case of the Mysorean Prince the animals were *alive*, and chained to a pillar near his Harem.

It is a well-known fact that Ibrahim Pacha was of a cruel and brutal disposition, and it is most probable that he had these animals collected together and set in motion whenever he had commanded the attendance of any Turkish or Arab dignitary from whom he desired to extort money, for avarice was one of his predominant vices. This vice was, however, of rather a refined nature, as from the immense wealth he had accumulated he must have been perfectly *au fait* in the art of turning his *talaris*, “money,” to the best advantage, which tact

Ismael Pacha, the present Viceroy, inherits in a most remarkable degree.

As soon as I had joined the little prince, who waited patiently while I explored the chamber, we opened a door on the right hand, passed through a small marble-paved hall in which stood four life-size statues, each holding gilt lamps in their hands, which led us into the Viceregal bedchamber. It was a noble-looking room, covered with a handsome Brussels carpet, with black ground and thickly studded with bouquets of variegated flowers of almost every hue. The whole was scrupulously clean. The gilt-iron bedstead was surmounted with gilded knobs, as also the foot and head plates. The musquito curtains were of fine crimson silk gauze bespangled with gold crescents. The washhand-stand was of pure white marble, with ewer, basin, and the other usual appendages of beautifully-painted Sèvres china, the bouquets on which were artistically executed, and matched the carpet admirably. A large pier-glass hung down from the ceiling. The divan (which was rather diminutive in comparison to those generally placed in the apartments of Turkish

dwellings), and chairs were covered with crimson silk bespangled with gold crescents. The toilet-table, on which were placed His Highness's toilet requisites, all of solid gold, inlaid with most valuable precious stones, was covered with a similar cloth.

The ebony cabinet was inlaid with gold and costly jewels, on each side of which stood two silver branch candelabras, holding a dozen transparent coloured wax-candles; and in the centre was placed His Highness's jewel casket, a perfect gem of the same material, richly inlaid. The walls were covered with crimson paper, embossed with gold crescents. The ceiling was beautifully painted with Turkish and Egyptian landscapes. The chimneypiece was of white marble, and the handsome, elegant bronze stove on the spotless white marble hearth was constructed in the form of a kiosk.

Then we proceeded through a door that was left wide open, into another chamber, similarly fitted up, except that the furniture was of yellow satin bespangled with silver crescents, which was invariably occupied by that *Ikbāl*, "favourite," whom the Viceroy from time to

time delighted to honour. This was the guests' chamber, and the history of its occupants would form a singular addition to the annals of Egyptian history. The beds in both these rooms were encased in richly-figured satin, which matched the hangings of each apartment.

Passing out of the Pavilion by the same way we had entered, we turned to the left, and proceeded across a garden intersected with cuttings filled with the water of the Nile, by which means the grounds were irrigated. These extensive gardens are completely flooded, night and morning, by means of the river water which is allowed to pass through large pipes and is turned on by taps and sluice gates.

Crossing several of those cuttings, as also deep dykes in different places, which were bridged over with wide planks, we reached the barracks situated at the back of the pavilion. These consist of a long wooden shed raised upon piles, and the walls are constructed of mud. The roof and Venetian shutters (for there are no windows) are of wood, the latter of which are closed at night. They are divided off into two or three rooms, which are merely furnished

with wooden divans, on which the soldiers sit by day and sleep on the floors at night, rolled up in their dark brown blankets. In a straight line with these rooms are the officers' quarters, erected in the shape of a Chinese pagoda. They are ascended by a flight of wooden steps, and consist of two rooms in each compartment. They are furnished with divans, the cushions of which are covered with common chintz. The floor is matted. The walls and ceiling are whitewashed. The sentries on guard presented arms to His Highness and myself.

As I passed the windows, or more properly speaking, the openings (for, as I have before observed, there were none, as the openings are destitute of frames and glass), I observed both officers and men lolling out of their respective loop-holes; the former were in undress, but the latter I can scarcely describe. They never undress themselves, but sleep in their clothes, which are never taken off their backs, except on fête days, and at the Turkish fête of the Bairam! On that occasion they receive new uniforms. Many of them were eating onions, cucumbers, and other vegetables in their crude

state. On another occasion, when passing by these wretched quarters, I heard one of the soldiers singing "The Turkish Sentinel's Refrain," of which the following is a translation:—

"I am a native of Rhoda, and since my birth I have beheld the Nile inundate my paternal lands no less than seven times.

There lived a man of the name of Abderahman, next door to me, who had a daughter, whose countenance had never been gazed upon by any other being than myself.

The beauty and symmetry of Fatima were absolutely incomparable.

Her eyes were as large as coffee cups, '*findjans*.' Her figure was stout and well made.

We loved each other, and we were waiting to be united in the bonds of wedlock;

When the Recruiting Sergeant, '*Fiachef*,' whom the devil take, handcuffed me, and lugged me off by the scurf of the neck, with fifty others, to the camp.

As both myself and neighbour were very poor, we were unable to give the Sergeant sufficient *baksheesh* to satisfy him, and may the devil take him!

The sound of the drums, trumpets, and fifes so bewildered my senses, that I soon forgot my peaceful hut, my goats, and my watermill; but I have never ceased to think of the joy of my heart—my beautiful Fatima.

Soon I had a gun, uniform, and wallet given to me; then I was drilled to turn my head to the right, then to the left, to hold my leg up in the air, stand upright, afterwards to shoulder arms, present arms, and many other manœuvres.

Soon I was ordered away with my regiment at Mecca,

When I gazed upon the *Kaaba*, 'Mahomet's Tomb.'

We bivouacked in the desert, in the rocks, in the mountains;

We slew the enemies of the prophet, and then I returned a *Hadje*, 'Pilgrim,' from Mecca. May God be thanked!

I was soon made a corporal; and after three years' active service, we embarked on board a man-of-war, and returned to the country watered by the far-famed Nile.

There we encamped, and I longed to return once again to Rhoda, and behold my Fatima.

Still I was afraid to ask for leave of absence, lest I should find things fearfully changed.

Then the fever seized me, and I became an inmate of the Hospital at Cairo, where the *Hekim Frandje*, 'Christian doctors,' prevented me from eating, and treated me much more cruel than sickness itself.

I was obliged to sell my *Tain*, 'rations.' May the devil take them!

Every day I became weaker and more sorrowful. I was on the point of death.

One morning the doctors brought me a medicine—the smell of which made me shudder—and I became worse. I had just raised the cup up to my lips, when I fancied that I heard a voice from without—the sound of which pierced my very heart—call to me, Mustafa, Mustafa, *in enui*! 'Oh, my eyes!'

I threw the cup at the apothecary's nose; my strength seemed restored to me, and the blood circulated in my veins. I rose up quite convalescent, and those fools of doctors thought that it was their physic which had cured me. My discharge! said I. They gave it to me, and I rushed into the arms of my Fatima, who had been most anxiously awaiting my release.

After we had embraced each other, she related to me how she had become acquainted with my return, and how she managed to enter the camp.

When I attempted to enter, said she, a black presented the point of his bayonet to my breast, crying out *dour*, 'stop.' As she did not understand the meaning of the word *dour*, 'stop,' so she did not answer, and the black fellow, crying out still more lustily, advanced towards her, when the Turkish officer came out and asked her what she wanted?

I want my *Mustufa*, replied she; my affianced, whom I have

not seen for these three years. And then the Officer, turning his back upon her, exclaimed, I know nothing of him! The poor girl retired quite brokenhearted; but having met the sister of one of the sergeants, Your lover, said that noble woman, is lying at the hospital so ill that he is at the point of death.

Swifter than the fleetest gazelle, that dearest angel of my life, drawing near to the window of the hospital, exclaimed *Mustafa, Mustafa, in enui!* 'Oh, my eyes!'

Intoxicated with joy, I bore her in triumph through the camp. I pointed her out, like a madman, to my Colonel, my Commandant, my Captain, my Lieutenant, and my sergeant; and, having obtained a furlough, we went to Rhoda to get married, where the good old Abderahman was waiting to bestow his blessing upon us. May God be praised, God is great!"

As His Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim began to complain of being tired, and I have no doubt that his little legs must have ached, we turned our footsteps towards the Harem.

I was rather taken aback after we had proceeded a short distance by observing the atmosphere become all at once dark and gloomy; but turning round I perceived dense volumes of black smoke issuing forth from a huge, tall chimney towering in the distance up to the sky. It raised its dark head a little beyond the whitewashed barracks. I inquired of Spirake, the Greek attendant, the name of the building, when he informed me that it was His

Highness the Viceroy's sugar refinery. I then learned that immense quantities of sugar were manufactured from the cane which grew on His Highness Ismael Pacha's estates near Minich, which produce yields the billionaire merchant prince a most lucrative return, for the sale of sugar throughout the whole length and breadth of Egypt is monopolized by His Highness the Viceroy.

The refinery that we had seen towering in the distance yields upwards of 30,000 quintals annually, and there *coal* is used to clarify the sugar in lieu of bullock's blood. This explanation fully accounted for the huge pile of black diamonds that I had observed piled up on the sides of the landing-place when I first approached the gates of the Harem.

On my return I thanked His Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim for the very attentive and kind manner in which he had shown me all the lions of the Harem gardens, the Viceroy's pavilion and the barracks.

CHAPTER VIII.

As soon as I reached the Prince's suite of apartments, I found the head-nurse waiting to conduct His Highness to his supper, as it was about half-past seven, European time. I then proceeded with my pupil downstairs, then across the small garden into a large room on the ground-floor, which was usually occupied in the daytime by several of the ladies of the Harem. The floor was covered with a handsome Brussels carpet; the walls papered with a simple pattern; the ceiling was painted. The curtains of the windows and doors were of red damask; a divan extended along one side.

The five youthful slaves who formed His Highness's staff of domestics entered the room soon after we had seated ourselves. One carried the *soofra* (a kind of very low table), while the

others bore the viands, of which the following is *la carte* :—

Soup, made from sheep's shanks or fowls, having rice and forcemeat balls (made of the crumbs of bread left on the trays) in it.

Legs of mutton (which are as small as the lamb of Italy), roasted, and stuffed with the kernels of ground-nuts, onions, raisins, spice, and sugar.

Tomatoes, scooped out and filled with meat, rice, and spice.

Cucumbers, dressed in a similar manner.

Boiled cucumbers, small vegetable-marrows, onions, and pieces of fowl, all mixed up together.

Broad beans, boiled in their shells, from which the bean is removed at table, and then eaten.

Boiled chicory, chopped up very fine, and then re-boiled in fat.

Cutlets, fried in syrups with spice.

Boiled fowls.

Pickles ; salads, dressed with lamp-oil and water ; onions, in their crude state ; undressed cucumbers.

Lemons, sweetmeats, syrups.

Confectionery, most tastefully formed into numerous devices, some like Banbury cakes, but which, in lieu of being made with jam in the centre, contained a quantity of whey, as salt as brine.

Jelly, with strawberries placed whole in it.

Pastry, consisting of batter fried, then opened, and sour milk poured into it.

Batter-balls, fried in syrups; hard bread-balls, similarly cooked.

Large patties, filled with eggs and sour milk.

Pancakes, fried in grease, and eaten with syrups.

Bowls of sour milk; sour milk, with slices of crude cucumber swimming in it.

Thick rice-milk with sugar and jams, eaten with milk.

The dessert consists of all the various fruits in season; and the only beverage was water and sherbet, which the Prince and the other children drank out of silver mugs, each having one appropriated for his exclusive use.

The Grand Pacha was fed by Shaytan, who, squatting herself down upon the ground

by his side, took the morsels out of china dishes and put them into his mouth. She used a spoon for the pilau, but broke the bread, dipped it into the liquid viands, and placed it into his mouth. At the same time the other Viceregal children sat in children's chairs round the *soofra*, and each was fed by the under-nurses in a similar manner.

If a piece of bread happens to fall upon the ground, it is picked up immediately, the word *Bismillah!* is repeated several times, the bread is kissed, and then placed up to the forehead; but if crumbs only fall, instead of leaving them to be swept up as Europeans are accustomed to do, they pick them up one by one, and eat them. But should any pieces that have fallen be dirty, they are placed on the statues in the small garden, for the birds to eat. All the broken bread at the meals is carried away to the kitchen, where it is moistened with milk, squeezed by the hand into balls, and then fried in batter and sugar. Of those, however, I never partook.

The whole of the slaves are supplied with the dark Arab bread, and it not unfrequently happened that both myself and the German maids

were kept on very short commons. In fact, time after time, I have actually been without any bread at all, as the slaves, who are all most adroit thieves, would, whenever they could find an opportunity, steal the European bread with which we Europeans were alone provided; for their Highnesses the Princesses, the Viceroy's wives, invariably partook of *white* Arab bread, which was also as salt as the briny ocean. The inmates of the Harem have a perfect horror of dropping bread, and I have often heard them scream with dismay as a piece fell from their hands.

After the Grand Pacha had finished his supper, a large silver basin, shaped like a glass goblet, which had been brought into the room with the viands and placed upon the carpet, was raised up by a young slave, who knelt down and held it before the Prince. The head-nurse then took a piece of rag (not a towel), soaped it with a ball of white soap (which, together with a piece of linen, is always placed in the centre of the strainer that stands by the side of the basin), and washed his face. After this she wrung the rag, and wiped him with it; then

she held his hands over the basin, and water was poured upon them out of the silver ewer, which is shaped like an old-fashioned coffee-pot, but having a long spout, curved downwards. The same ceremony was observed by the under-nurses with the other children, each of whom had separate basins and ewers.

It is hardly possible to give an accurate description of the appearance of the tray after their Highnesses had partaken of their meals. It looked just as if the whole contents of a few of those plate-baskets which are used in the kitchens of the first-class London hotels to place the pieces in collected off the plates that come down from the several dinner-tables had been emptied on to it.

Here and there lay morsels which had been torn asunder from the joint or bird, and, being unsuited to the palate of the guest, had been thrown down, after having been mauled about in their fingers ; pieces of broken bread, crumbs of pastry, the remains of vegetables, both cooked and crude ; in short, it presented a sight that would make the stomach of a cook-shop carver heave again. It was one of the most disgusting

sights I had ever witnessed, and this was the scene enacted daily. Then the ladies of the Harem had their meals off it, just as it was.

After the Viceregal children had partaken of their repast, then the nurses, who in their turn were waited upon by their Highnesses' little slaves (for each Princess has two slaves to wait upon her, and act as her playmates), helped themselves.

When they had finished, the group of little slaves (who, as I shall hereafter show, are near relations of the Grand Pacha) cleared the things away; and carrying them into the Stone Hall, placed them on the basement floor, and there squatted themselves down, and regaled themselves, like the beggars of old, on the crumbs which had fallen, as it were, from the table of their superiors. These sometimes were very scanty, as no separate table was ever provided for them.

After supper was finished, a little slave acted as marshal, and led the way, holding a silver-gilt lantern, in which was placed a large wax-candle. Then Shaytan carried the Prince up into his reception-room, which at that time pre-

sented a most singular and novel scene. It appeared that during supper-time a number of other slaves had been busily engaged in removing out of the "Bed Store-room" the beds that had remained piled up there during the daytime, and had placed them upon the carpet. Each of the Viceregal children and their nurse had two mattresses assigned them, which were encased in cotton covers.

On His Highness's bed was laid a sheet, then three flat cushions, also encased in muslin, the ends of which were embroidered in red worsted and tied with ribbons, for his head to rest upon, in lieu of pillows; and over the whole were placed two dark-coloured wadded coverlets, under which the Prince slept. On one side were ranged the beds of his little sisters, and by the side of them those of the nurses, and on the other side that of the head-nurse.

The Prince and his little slaves played about for a short time amidst this "one full-swelling bed;" after which Shaytan undressed him, which she did in the following manner: first she removed his trousers, then the little coat and day-shirt, and then re-dressed him in his night-attire,

which consisted of a pair of calico trousers, fastened round his waist by a long strip of muslin, with embroidered ends run through the broad hem, not unlike a pair of Indian "*py-jamas*," over which was placed a cotton dressing-gown, open all up the front, and over that a blue quilted cashmere paletot. His waist was girded with a silk handkerchief; his head was covered with a white cotton fez, with strings which were tied under his chin. His sisters were also similarly attired.

As soon as he was dressed in his night-clothes a silver brazier, filled with charcoal, was brought into the room. In it was thrown a quantity of wood of aloes, aromatic gum, and lumps of crystallized sugar. Then the head-nurse lifted up His Highness in her powerful arms, and swung him round it nine times, while she counted that number aloud in Turkish; but why that number was used I was unable to learn. After this she exclaimed, *Allah! Alla! Bismillah!* ("God! God!—in the name of the most merciful God!") The same ceremony was performed by each of the other nurses with their Highnesses the little Princesses; then he was laid down in his bed.

The nurses then took it in turns to repeat stories, or else sang himself and his sisters to sleep; their everlasting monotonous chant consisting of *Baba, Ni-na! Baba, Ni-na!* "father, mother;" *Ni-na! Ni-na!* "mother," in different tones of voice.

During the whole of this preparation for retiring to rest, the Princess Epouse sat upon the divan, smoking cigarettes. All the nurses sat at the side of the beds, or else at the door. Those who were not engaged in telling stories were employed at needlework, which they executed with their left hands, until they retired to rest, which all did about ten o'clock, European time. At that hour the *Keslar Agaci*, Grand Eunuch, captain of the girls, accompanied by several of his attendants, like the matron of an English house of correction,

"Goes his nightly rounds,"

locks the outer gates of the "Abode of Bliss," and then the guardians of the enchanted palace all repair to their respective apartments to smoke their pipes, and enact the farce of "High

Life Below Stairs," which I shall subsequently show they did to perfection.

Above the whole of that most motley group, which was assembled together in the Reception Hall, hung suspended an enormous large coloured muslin mosquito-curtain, made in the form of a canopy, similar to that which is daily seen carried in Catholic countries over the head of the dignitary, who walks along the streets when the Host is being carried to a dying person. Attached to the four corners of the square flat top piece, were sewn four large gilt rings, through each of which was run the crimson cord, which was fastened to the large brass hooks that were driven into the walls. It was then looped up to them; the long ends hanging down to the floor and being tucked underneath the mattresses, left the whole group of children and nurses snugly ensconced within its ample folds.

A large silver-gilt lantern, containing two lighted transparent wax-candles, as long as those used by mourners in Catholic countries, was left burning upon the floor all night.

This scene, which brought to my mind the

encampment of a party of gipsies on the stage, appeared to me most singular and novel, and it was some time before I could bring my mind to look upon it as a reality. At moments, when I gazed upon the group, I thought it was the idle phantom of a dream; but I was soon awakened from that delusion by the entrance of Clara, the German laundrymaid, who came to announce that my own supper was ready.

Retiring from that noble apartment, now so strangely metamorphosed into the Viceregal nursery, I followed the German maid downstairs into the Stone Hall on the basement floor, which had but recently served as the dining hall of the little slaves, and there, to my disgust and astonishment, I beheld the little slaves bringing in the same *carte* as had been served up for the Viceregal children. I stared again in astonishment, and looking at the maid Clara, I found that she had seated herself at the table, and was prepared to *hobnob* it with me.

This was treatment I had never expected to receive. However, there was no help for it, and as neither knife nor fork had been provided for me, I was obliged to accept the German's

offer to lend me those indispensable articles. Fatigue, disgust, and vexation at the accommodation which had been provided for me, had almost taken away all my appetite; but at the sight of the Arab dishes I turned quite sick, and contented myself with partaking of a "*kebab*"—some bread, a little fruit, and a "*zarf*" of coffee—as nothing but water was permitted to be drunk, which latter I found exceedingly acceptable. I hastily retired to my miserable pallet in the chamber which had been assigned me.

I can scarcely describe my feelings when I was alone. Being at that time totally ignorant of the apathy and absolute indifference with which the Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians treat all Europeans with whom they come into contact, I was at a loss to conceive why I had been subjected to such an indignity. The position I occupied about the Prince ought most assuredly to have saved me from such an insult.

I had inspected the Viceroy's pavilion that very day; and I remembered how accurately my intelligent fellow-travellers, Mr. Xenos and

Mr ———, had described what would in all probability be my position and reception in this *Mansion of Discomfort*. I had seen a considerable display of European habits, in the manner in which his own private retiring-rooms had been arranged—everything bespeaking that His Highness was thoroughly Europeanized. At that I was not in the least surprised, for I knew that he had been sent to France in 1846, along with his brother, Achmet Bey, and his uncles, Hassam Bey and Halim Bey, and this made me more annoyed, as I was confident that if either Messrs. H. or Mr. B. had merely taken the precaution they could easily have done, to let the good old German housekeeper enter the Harem and see what accommodation had been provided for me, that kind creature would have taken care to send in everything there for my convenience; and as she had been accustomed to wait upon ladies in her own country, she would have at once explained to her countrywoman, the laundry-maid, how she might have conducted herself towards me.

But no. I was bundled into the Harem like

a bale of merchandise, and left, as Mr. C. H.'s sister explained to me before my departure from England, "to fight my own battle,"—no easy matter among such a semi-barbarous set.

Now I was perfectly aware that I should have to vegetate on nothing but Arab diet. My health had begun to give way beneath the effects of that most unpalatable *cuisine* when at the banker's, and I was quite certain that it would be utterly impossible for me to keep body and soul together with such nourishment, with only water and coffee as drinkables. It was really unpardonable and unfeeling in the extreme; there was no excuse to be made. I had already remonstrated with Mr. B. upon the subject of my diet; and as the Viceroy had a staff of French cooks and attendants, there could not have been any difficulty or objection to my meals being prepared by them. Of this His Highness's *civil* aide-de-camp and associate in commerce was fully aware; but no—he was a Prussian, and as he hated the English, what had I to expect?

The entire blame must be attached to the

hasty and inconsiderate manner in which Mr. C. H. overruled Mr. B.'s objection, who, knowing full well that nothing had been prepared for my reception, was anxious to postpone my departure from his hospitable roof until my apartment had been properly furnished. To such straits was I put that I was obliged to place different articles of body-linen as substitutes for bed-linen ; fortunately, however, I had provided myself with a stock of Turkish bath towels. My room, as I have previously explained, led off from that of the Grand Pacha's. I had scarcely arranged my bed, for as yet not a slave had been appointed to wait upon me, when I heard the ponderous bolts and bars of the lower doors at the foot of the marble staircase drawn into their sockets, and the huge keys—for they are no less than nine inches in length—turned in the weighty wards, as the eunuchs locked the doors, let fly the secret springs, and then retired to enjoy their pipes in their own apartments.

Those grating sounds startled me ; I could not for an instant realize my position ; I thought I must be the inmate of some prison in a foreign

land, and not a guest within the precincts of a prince's palace. My position was anything but enviable. Although I was conversant with several continental languages, still, strange to add, not any of the Princesses, ladies of the Harem, or slaves, could speak anything but Arabic and Turkish; and the German laundrymaid had only just begun to pick up a few words of those languages. Well, there I was, among a crowd of nearly one hundred women, without being able to speak a word of their language, or to understand what they said to me. Then did I experience the worst of all loneliness,

"Solitude in a crowd."

So that when I found myself alone in my own chamber, I could not help exclaiming,

"Ah! why did Fate my steps decoy,
In foreign lands to roam."

Wishing, however, to divert my mind as much as possible, I resolved to keep a diary. But how was that to be accomplished, since I had no table in my chamber upon which I could arrange my writing materials? The top of my

French chest of drawers had already been turned into a toilet-table, and even if I had removed my dressing-case and all the appendages thereon, even then I had no chair. Thinking that the slave who had arranged my chamber might, in the hurry of the moment, have forgotten both those necessary articles of furniture (as I had seen tables, and even English cane-bottom chairs in the apartments), I resolved to appropriate some to my own use; but, when attempting to do so, I was point-blank told by the eunuchs that I must not touch or take anything which had not been expressly given me. Thus I was checkmated, and powerless even to move a chair for my own accommodation. This was a kind of domestic tyranny I could not endure.

I abandoned the idea of making any substitutes for them the first night; but finding upon inquiry that I was not to be provided with either, I had no alternative but to tax my ingenuity.

So, placing two of my largest square trunks upon one another, for a table, which I covered with my travelling-rug, and for a chair laying my travelling-cloak upon another box,

and turning a larger one upright, I placed it at the back, which gave me a support for my back ; and thus did I begin to dot down these incidents of my experience of Harem life in Egypt.

CHAPTER IX.

THE following day I was informed by the German laundrymaid that I was expected to clean my own room, and wash my own linen, both of which I resolutely refused to do. Upon which the Princess Epouse ordered a slave to arrange my apartment, and the Greek slave, Spiraki, to find a laundress at Cairo, as none of the slaves would wash the linen of an unbeliever; and it was with the greatest reluctance that any of the youngest slaves could be forced to act as, what is termed in the *caste* phraseology of India, the *Muhtur*, "sweeper," to empty slops, &c.

After these arrangements had been made, I had a most excellent opportunity of making myself *au fait* with domestic life in the Harem.

At five o'clock the next morning, the eunuchs,

who carry their bunch of keys about with them like the warders of an English prison, came round and unlocked all the doors of the outer rooms leading to the grand and back staircases. Then they called up all the slaves and the ladies of the Harem. The former, as soon as they were dressed (pardon me, kind reader, but I err in using that expression, for all Turkish and Egyptian women, as well as their slaves, never undress, but lie down with their clothes on, though they often change them in the daytime), took up and rolled their beds which they carried into the bed store-room, and there piled them up in a corner, as I have previously described. Then they proceeded to sweep the rooms, each using the set of brooms and dust-pans which had been assigned her.

After this portion of the household work had been performed, the members of the Viceregal family were called, and the nurses began to dress the children. The head-nurse, Shaytan, lifted the Prince out of his bed, sat him down upon the side, having previously had the mosquito-curtain looped up to the rings attached

to the walls, tucked up his *pyjamas* as far as his knees, then water was poured over a piece of rag, placed in a deep silver dish, with which she soaped and washed his legs and feet. On each of the calves of his little legs there were *nine* incisions just above the top of the sock, some cabalistic superstition that I never had explained to me, but perhaps it was that he was considered as eligible for the *ninth* heaven, as Rückert, the Orientalist, has described as many. Then she removed his drawers, and began by putting on his stockings, then his boots, after which she washed his hands and face (his arms and neck never being touched), and his flannel shirt was removed.

Around his neck he wore, first, a thin black cord, to which was attached a small black silk pad, which lay upon his abdomen, that is *never* removed from off his person ; then another one, on which were strung six black, carved cypress wooden acorns, which are supposed to be a *teleam*, " talisman," to keep evil spirits away from his august person. Then his flannel vest was put on him ; after that a thin net one, then a linen shirt, all the ends of which were tucked

inside his trousers ; after which his coat was put on.

Around his neck he wore a small ribbon tie, and across his shoulders a silver-gilt chain, attached to which hung a small square silver box, about an inch thick, having a sliding lid, in which is enclosed a little cypress-wood box, containing verses of the Koran, and pieces of the coffin of the prophet Mahomet. The box is elegantly chased with palm-leaves, elephants, and numerous other animals.

His head was washed with perfumed water, and his fez placed on it ; in the tassel of which is fastened a small thin black silk cushion, or bag, containing some grains of a black seed, which are said to possess the power of warding off fits ; also a piece of pink coral, shaped like a shell, which is worn to preserve His Highness from attacks of ophthalmia. At the top of the tassel is sewn a large turquoise, to guard him from all accidents.

The other nurses then proceeded to dress the young Princesses, who had narrow plaits of hair in front. They all wore the same charms, except the coral, black bag, and turquoise.

Their beds were then rolled up, removed into the bed store-room, and the Reception Hall "swept and garnished." Then one of the eunuchs brought in a cotton sack, or bag, containing *symmets*, "buns made in the shape of rings, about the circumference of a tea-saucer," which the Grand Pacha counted, and allotted out a certain number to each of the little Princesses for their two daily meals, breakfast and supper.

If any had been purloined, or a mistake made in the counting of them, His Highness invariably bundled them all into the sack, made the eunuch take it away, and return with the proper number; and until that was done, the Prince stormed and raved like a maniac. It was utterly impossible to pacify him.

If, however, I happened to jest with him, by secreting one or two of the buns, he would then calmly and quietly continue his distribution of them, without uttering a word of complaint. As soon as all the Viceregal children had assembled in the saloon, the brazier filled with live charcoal was brought in, and

the same process gone through as had been practised the previous night when they retired to rest.

As the kitchen is situated at some distance from the Harem, in the vicinity of the Sugar Refinery, the dishes are all placed upon a large wooden tray, and covered over with thick white cloths, carried on men's heads into the small garden which separates the Harem from the Grand Pacha Ibrahim's suite of apartments; there they are laid down upon the path, and the shrill cry of the eunuchs exclaiming, *Dustoor! Dustoor!* "Out of the way! out of the way!" resounds from all quarters.

Then the slaves begin to run into their rooms; but should any of them linger about, then the cry of *Allah! Allah!* "God! God!" is shouted forth in stentorian tones, and the *courbache*, "whip made of bullock's hide," falls heavily upon their shoulders.

After the men have placed the trays down, and disappeared, then commences one of the most ludicrous scenes imaginable; for, as I have previously explained, no regular meals are

provided for the slaves, or, in fact, anybody else but the Viceregal family. They are necessarily obliged to purloin whatever they can lay their hands upon before the dishes are served up to their Highnesses the Princesses, or the Grand Pacha Ibrahim; hence they are accustomed, like hungry wolves, to rush down into the garden, and make a selection of what dishes they can, without fear of detection, and withhold them from the Viceregal repast.

It not unfrequently happened that the Princess Epouse would enter the Stone Hall, while the slaves were enjoying their purloining; then the cups, saucers, and gold spoons would be thrust into a pail, which a slave, who was always kept on the *qui vive*, and acted as sentinel, would whisk out of the room as if by magic. At other times Shaytan, the head-nurse, would be squatted very comfortably on the floor of the Grand Pacha's apartment, with a large flat patty, about twice the size of a Cheshire cheese, composed of vermicelli, fat, cheese, sugar, and spice—a most favourite dish in the Harem—which she had stolen off His Highness's tray, together with several large

glass dishes full of strawberries, cherries, green-gages, apples, pears, oranges, and lemons, all piled up like pyramids; also a dish of powdered sugar. The latter she generally hid away until night, but the former being hot, she usually began to partake of as soon as she had purloined it.

Sometimes the Princess would enter the room softly, and then the vermicelli pasty was pushed away under the divan out of sight; and in that case it frequently happened that another slave carried it off and consumed it.

Whenever the Princess caught any of them purloining the viands, she boxed their ears most soundly, and made them carry the dishes back again.

I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to their kindness and attention towards myself, as they invariably called me to go downstairs, and select my own dishes prior to any being served up to their Highnesses the Princesses; and this spontaneous act of their good will and sympathy towards me was not caused by any *baksheesh* that I had been in the habit of distributing among them, for I never gave them

any, having been requested by my Princess not to propitiate them in that manner. It was their own attention towards me, and I always felt grateful to them for it, and never failed to grant them any little indulgence they required at my hands, or to do them a service in return.

The children's morning toilet being finished, the little slaves brought in the "*soofra*," which they covered with a yellow satin cover, bespangled with silver crescents.* On it they placed a round-rimmed green-painted tray, upon which they laid a white china soup-tureen of boiled milk, into which was put pieces of Arab bread.

* Each child dipped its spoon into it, and helped herself; but if any one of them should so far forget herself as to place her spoon in the tureen before the Grand Pacha had helped himself, by taking the first spoonful, then His Highness would cast, nay, throw his spoon into the tureen, as well as those of all the Princesses, and order the slaves to remove it away instantler. Child as he was, his word was law, and nobody dared disobey him.

The next course consisted of a small tureen,

containing a pigeon served up swimming in soup thickened with rice and flour; each one of the family party helped themselves to a spoonful of it. Then the head-nurse took the pigeon in her fingers, tore it to pieces, and then commenced a regular battle, as each of the children desired to have a leg, which ended on the morning in question, as was generally the case, in the separated bird making its exit without being touched. The Grand Pacha never partook of this dish, why or wherefore I was unable to learn.

Then followed a dish of mutton-chops, broiled quite dry, but highly spiced; afterwards some pigeons cooked in a similar manner, minus the spice. Each child took up a pigeon in her fingers, tore it to pieces, and ate whatever part she fancied. A salad, consisting of cucumber cut into slices and dressed with water and oil (for vinegar they never used), was then served up. Then followed a glass dish filled with jam; fried, greasy, pastry-like pancakes, literally swimming in fat and honey, and this completed the *carte*. The usual ablution followed as previously described as having taken place after His Highness's supper.

I lost no time in remonstrating with the Princess Epouse upon the impropriety of being obliged to take my meals with the German maid, and although unacquainted with her vernacular, still I managed to make Her Highness sensible that it was a degradation to me. Accordingly my breakfast was served up to me in my own room. It consisted of a cup of coffee, a small tureen of boiled milk, sweetened almost to a syrup, and a roll of European bread, but without any butter or eggs, of neither of which did I ever partake during my residence in the Harems. After I had partaken of that refreshment, I dressed, and proceeded, accompanied by my pupil, into the Harem.

The Grand Pacha, according to his usual custom, went to visit their Highnesses, the three wives, in their bedchambers. He first walked into the apartment of Her Highness the Lady Paramount (the *first* wife), who takes precedence of all, and without whose orders none of the other wives can interfere in the general internal arrangements of the Harem, save and except in their own apartments, and over their own slaves and families, with whom

they act as they please. Her name was Ipsah ; she was tall, stout, had a pleasing mouth, sinister expression of countenance, large blue eyes, but possessed a most violent temper ; cruelty seemed to be marked in every lineament of her features.

When we entered she was dressing her hair. One slave held a looking-glass in her hand, another Her Highness's toilette-tray with its appendages, and a third stood by to hand her whatever she might require. She was not, as was her usual custom, squatted like a clasped knife, but sat on a cotton-covered divan, attired in a dirty, crumpled, muslin wrapper, which had served her as her night habiliments. Her feet and legs were both stocking and shoeless, and hung down from the divan.

The Prince drew near to her, took hold of her right hand, which was jewelless, as also were her ears ; for none of their Highnesses ever wore jewels except on grand occasions. He pressed her hand to his lips and forehead, then salaamed her, after which both of us left the room.

On reaching the chamber of the Princess Eponse (his mother), the Prince mounted

the divan, saluted, as he had done the first wife, and then insisted upon having a cup of coffee. As soon as he had partaken of it, he asked the Princess to give him *baksheesh*, when she handed him a large packet of silver piastres, each valued at twopence halfpenny. His mother took him on her lap, made a few inquiries of him in Turkish, which I did not understand, and asked him to go and fetch her a cigarette. Then we passed on into the chamber of the third wife, who is childless, but who has adopted a slave as her daughter, whom the Grand Pacha, on his visit to Constantinople two years ago, purchased for her. It was then nine o'clock, so making our salaams, we proceeded into the gardens.

We had not walked far, before the Prince espied one of the Arab gardeners, whom he requested to make him a bouquet. Three of the under-gardeners rushed off immediately to cull some flowers, but as they were, according to His Highness's idea, too dilatory (for like all Turks, whenever they require a thing, it must be brought to or done for them instantly), the little Prince put himself into a most violent

passion. At length the head gardener came forward and presented him with the bouquet. His Highness scarcely deigned to look at it; threw it on the ground, stamped his little feet upon it, and then, in the paroxysm of his passion, after a slave had picked it up and handed it to him, he deliberately amused himself by tearing it to pieces. While thus giving vent to his anger, he kept scolding the gardeners for not having assorted the colours in a proper manner.

Turning round to the eunuchs who had accompanied the attendants, he ordered them, then and there, to cut sticks from off one of the trees, and to give the three gardeners a thrashing. Those spectres of men obeyed His Highness's instructions, and the three Arabs were laid down upon the path by some black slaves, and the eunuchs set to beating them. This they continued doing for some time; but as the Prince made no sign to them to discontinue the chastisement, I began to remonstrate with him at such a display of his ungovernable temper, and in an authoritative tone exclaimed, "*Bess! Bess!*" "Enough! Enough!" when the

eunuchs ceased. The morning was extremely sultry, and the perspiration poured down the faces of the eunuchs.

This incident clearly gave me an insight into the Prince's character, which was evidently as cruel, overbearing, and brutal, as that of his grandfather, Ibrahim Pacha, whose private life was disgraced by the most barbarous pastimes; but I had satisfactory evidence, by his conduct in the pavilion, that he did not inherit that courage which obtained his grandfather such renown.

On our return to the Harem a novel scene presented itself in the noble Audience Hall. On the divan sat their Highnesses the Princesses, the Viceroy's three wives. They were elegantly attired in beautiful new muslin dresses, and very full trousers of the same material, with quilted satin jackets, of gaudy colours. Their heads were ornamented with large diamond pins; and all rose up from off their seats as a middle-sized gentleman, in a dressing-gown and slippers *à la Turque*, entered the room, holding a white pocket-handkerchief in his hand, which was so large that I mistook it for a towel.

The Princesses formed a kind of semicircle round him; all salaamed him, to which he responded by an affable smile, patted the Grand Pacha on the cheek, and passed through without uttering a syllable. I followed the example set me by the Princesses, curtsied to him, which salutation he returned by bowing.

As I had not yet been introduced to His Highness, Ismael Pacha, the Viceroy, I innocently enough considered that this gentleman must be the Viceregal barber.

The little Prince partook of his breakfast as usual at twelve o'clock, after which he amused himself by playing about the room with some of the English toys which I had presented to him.

While engaged in that occupation, one of the female slaves, whom I afterwards found was his half-sister, that is, the Viceroy's daughter by a slave (for his staff was composed of little girls and boys), offended him. He immediately seized hold of her by both her arms, pinched them most violently, and like a tiger bit them until he drew blood, after which he put his fingers into the poor little creature's mouth, and

tore both sides of it, until the blood streamed down her chin like water. I scolded him well for such brutality, when His Highness burst into tears and walked away into another apartment.

Scarcely had the little Prince proceeded a few paces, when he was met by the Princess Epouse, who inquired the cause of his grief, as it appears that all Turks and Egyptians have a perfect horror of seeing any person in tears.

The facts were explained to Her Highness, who made the poor little slave who had been so barbarously treated by her son, first kiss the skirts of his coat, and then the carpet. But when I pointed out to Her Highness that the slave was not to blame, the Princess merely laughed, exclaiming, "*Malesch, Madame,*" "it does not matter." Then the Prince became pacified, and resumed his amusements. Soon afterwards a middle-aged woman named Rhoda, the mother of the Harem, who was about fifty years of age, entered the apartment, accompanied by four women much older than herself.

This important personage, who acts as midwife, doctor, friend, and counsellor, is present in the bridal-chamber when any of His Highness's daughters or slaves are married. She is one of the most powerful and influential of the whole of the inmates of the Harem. To her is confided all the political changes which are hatched within its walls ; for it is the very focus of intrigue ; as it is but natural to suppose that their Highnesses the Viceroys, when enjoying their *dolce far niente*, throw off all restraint, and chatter away as much as Turks are ever prone to do (and that is never very much) to their wives, as to the sayings and doings of their ministers, associates in commerce, and favourites. But Ismael Pacha places his trust in and confides his secrets to the care of the Princess Validè, his august mother, the clever intriguing widow of that singular Prince the late Ibrahim Pacha. Still, all the Princesses belonging to the other members of the Vice-regal family of Egypt, both widows, wives, and daughters, pay occasional visits to their Highnesses the three wives, with whom they generally pass the day ; and their conversation,

brief and curt though it be, naturally turns upon the plans and actions of their liege lords, and then the Harem becomes the arena of

“That vermin slander, bred in abject minds.”

She was attired in white linen, was inclined to *embonpoint*, of agreeable countenance, and short nose *retroussé*. She inquired of me in Arabic whether I spoke Italian, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, she then asked if I were married? how long I had been so? where I had lived? what my parents were? and a number of other commonplace questions. Having satisfied her queries, she asked me to have the kindness to show her my wardrobe.

Conducting her into my room, into which I was followed by a whole bevy of white and black slaves, I placed in her hands several articles of wearing apparel, such as dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. She passed them over to the slaves, and coolly walked off with them into the Reception Hall, and there exhibited them to the Princess Epouse, who admired them, and seemed particularly pleased with the hats and bonnets, all of which she requested me

to put on, so that Her Highness might see how they became me.

After she had amused herself in that manner, the Princess retired to her chamber to take her *siesta*. I then went down into the Stone Hall, where I partook of what was to me my luncheon, and was again subjected to the mortification of having the German laundrymaid as my companion, notwithstanding that I had already complained to Her Highness of such treatment.

CHAPTER X.

HIS Highness the Grand Pacha partook of his supper at half-past five, after which we again promenaded in the gardens until half-past seven, when I took him in, and handed His Highness over to the care of the head-nurse. Then I retired to my own chamber, changed my dress, and descended into the Stone Hall to partake of my dinner, which was similar to that which had been served up to me on the first day of my entrance into the Harem, and so it continued till the day of my quitting the Viceroy's service.

While I was sipping my coffee, the little slave who had been appointed to wait upon me let the china vase containing the sherbet fall, and broke it to pieces. It was immediately replaced by another, which was handed

me by an elder slave. Upon making inquiry of the head-nurse, who happened at that moment to enter the room, what had become of Kaduyah, for that was the name of the slave who had broken the elegant china vase, she told me that I should not see her again for some days, as she had just undergone the usual punishment always inflicted upon all slaves who broke anything.

Reader, will you credit it?—the poor creature had actually been seared on her arms with a red-hot iron! And then Shaytan went on to explain to me that all the black slaves in the Harem bore their characters about them.

I had previously observed that there was not a single one who had not undergone that punishment; and, in short, many of their arms were literally covered with scars arising from such brutal treatment. All the black slaves were marked with three scars on their faces. The Viceregal brand being three marks distinguished them from those of private individuals, who were only marked with two scars. Singular to add, not any of the nurses were branded.

Just as I had risen from the deal table, a

young Arab woman entered the room ; she was dressed in coloured muslin, wore a red gauze handkerchief wrapped round her head ; beautiful diamond earrings hung from her ears, a handsome gold hunting-watch suspended from her neck by a thick massive gold chain, having also a rich Albert chain attached thereto, was tucked into her waistband. Her fingers were covered with superb diamond rings, the value of which would have been almost a fortune to any European lady.

She was the Prince's *Dadu-nina*, wet-nurse, who had come to pay her respects to me. She remained but a very few minutes, asked several trivial questions, told me that she was married, that her husband lived at Cairo, that she was about to leave the service of the Viceroy to return to her home.

I was just on the point of entering my chamber, when Rhoda, the mother of the Harem, met me, and led me into the saloon occupied by the ladies of the Harem. There were about six or seven of them attired in different coloured muslins, sitting, *à la Turque*, on cushions on the floor, which was covered with a rich Brus-

sels carpet, playing at dominoes, their most favourite pastime; others were amusing themselves smoking cigarettes, and listening to the tales which each in their turn had been relating.

One of them, named Emina, rose from her seat and offered me a cigarette, which, however, I declined with thanks; and, knowing full well that I never smoked, she did not feel in the slightest degree offended at my breach of Turkish etiquette, but returned to her cushion.

As soon as I had seated myself in the divan, Rhoda related the following incident of the manner in which marriages are frequently arranged in Turkey:—

“Some years ago, on one occasion,” began the mistress of the Harem, “when I accompanied the Princess the Lady Paramount to Constantinople, I became acquainted with a Turkish family, who had an only daughter, named Sarata. She had just turned eleven; had been affianced when in her fifth year to a young man of the name of Reshid, who was then about sixteen, and to whom she was on the point of being united.

“ Reschid had never seen her since they were children together ; so that he had no recollection of her features. Sarata had also lost all idea of the photograph of her betrothed. She therefore entreated her mother to allow her to have an opportunity of seeing him before the marriage took place.

“ The old lady, who was a very indulgent parent, so arranged it, one day when Reschid was paying a visit to the father, that Sarata should conceal herself behind a *macharahieh*, and thus she obtained a full view of her future husband's features. Curiosity prompted her to remain some time in her hiding-place ; and she heard her father say, in reply to a question that Reschid had put to him, respecting the day on which they were to be married, ‘ *Quail-im* ’ (‘ I give my sanction ’), and the day was named.

“ It now only wanted about eight days to the period when Sarata, who was then called *Kutchuk Hanem* (miss, or little lady), would be addressed by the long-coveted title of *Bruick Hanem* (mistress, or great lady).

“ Singular to add, Reschid also expressed to

his mother a desire to obtain a peep at the features of his future better half, for, as she was continually lauding the beauty of his little bride, he felt rather dubious whether he ought to believe all that his parent had said in her favour. Her anxiety to hasten the match made him dubious as to the personal appearance of Sarata.

“Determined, if possible, to gratify his desire, he had recourse to a Levantine Jewess, who was in the habit of supplying many of the Harems of the *élite* with jewellery. She was an old, cunning creature; and knowing how completely she was the slave to that sovereign ruler of the Ottoman dominions, Prince Bak-sheesh, he endeavoured to persuade her to introduce herself into the hall of the Harem in which Sarata was domiciled, in order that she might be able to give him an accurate delineation of the features and appearance of his betrothed.

“The sly faggot of a maid of Israel returned to his residence two days afterwards, and gave him a most flattering account of Sarata, whom she designated as the ‘Star of Beauty’—com-

pared her teeth to pearls, her eyes to stars, and the arches of her eyebrows to the *arc-en-ciel* (rainbow).

“It appeared that she had been in the habit of taking quantities of jewellery into that Harem on several occasions, and that, on that very morning, she had visited Sarata for the purpose of calling for some watch-charms, keys, &c., that required to be repaired. And it is no uncommon occurrence, where valuable ornaments are taken away by such individuals out of the Harems, that some of less value are substituted for them, or else they are purloined.

“It happened only at the latter end of last year, that Hawwaia Hanem, a member of the late Viceroy Abbas Pacha’s Harem, brought an action in the British Consular Court at Cairo, before Albany Fonblanque, Esq., H. M. late Vice-Consul, against Barbara Maggi and Luigi Maggi, to recover a valuable ornament, called *girlandu*, worth 2,500*l.*, which she had entrusted to the defendants to repair.

“The bride had found great fault with the quality of those articles, for, like a great portion of the modern *bijoux* generally sold to the

inmates of many of the Harems by those kind of women, they were perfect rubbish, being neither more nor less than metal covered with a thick plate of gold, and for which the slaves pay almost fabulous sums.

“Reschid, thinking himself extremely fortunate in the selection that his mother had made for him, exclaimed, ‘*Allaha chukur el hamdu billah pèk éyou un*’ (Very well; God be thanked!), and at the same time handed her a packet of gold. He also gave her several pretty boxes of fruit and boubons, and two handsome vases, filled with artificial flowers, to present to his bride.

“As soon as the marriage contract was signed, the costly bridal presents were sent. They consisted principally of a parcel of rich silks and jewellery, a dressing-glass, and a pair of slippers for the bath-room, which latter is always considered an indispensable article.

“Reschid, in return, received from Sarata’s parents a quantity of body-linen, napkins fringed with gold, silver, and silk. Then each of the parents exchanged presents among themselves.

“ A considerable period elapsed between the signing of the marriage contract and the bridal day, during which time Reschid was occupied in getting together the amount of the settlement, while the bride's parents were preparing her *trousseau*.

“ At length the joyful day arrived, and the festivities lasted four days—that is, from Monday morning until sunset on Thursday. The marriage night was fixed for Friday, which is considered the most propitious day, on account of that being the day on which Mahomet the Prophet was conceived, hence the reason why it is our [the Turkish] sabbath.

“ The bridal ceremony was celebrated by both families, the women according to their manner, and the men in theirs. The rejoicings consisted chiefly in grand banquets, during the intervals of which large quantities of coffee, sherbet, preserves, perfumes, pipes, and cigarettes were used.

“ A most lively hilarity characterized these reunions, which were at one time varied by the feats of jugglers and dancers, and at others by the exhibition of *Kara-kioz*, the

Turkish Punch. The parents and their acquaintances passed twenty-four hours in each other's residence; and so numerous were they that the divans in the rooms and the Harems were their seats by day and their couches by night.

“ Each day had its peculiar ceremony. On the Tuesday Sarata's *trousseau* was carried in state to the bridegroom's house. On Wednesday evening the bride was led to the bath-room, and there underwent the luxury or torture of a bath. For to my idea and feelings it is nothing more nor less than a punishment to be scalded with *boiling* water like a dead pig, and then to be kneaded about like a lump of dough until your whole body looks like a mummy. The hands of the slaves who soap your person and rub you are shrivelled up like those of washer-women just taken out of the scalding suds, and in that state they remain. Then an incredible number of cosmetics, salves, dyes, &c., are used, my utter abomination (for my mother's daughter has never used anything but healthy cold water), which they apply before quitting the bath-room, where the whole of the lady

guests and the poor women of the locality were assembled to meet her.

“The latter had divested themselves of their rags, which they left in the hall, and attired themselves in new garments which had been bought for the occasion out of the sum appropriated for the festival. Early the next afternoon, Sarata, accompanied by her mother, sisters, and suite, left her parental roof for that of her husband. Then the parents, the guests who had been invited by both families, the men and the women belonging to both Harems, all assembled there. The festivities lasted the whole day, and ended with a grand supper.

“At the silent hour of midnight, Reschid, after having taken leave of his father, whose hand he kissed, as also those of his brothers and relatives, repaired to his own Harem, into which he glided more like a snake than a human being. There he found Sarata, closely veiled, seated on a divan, awaiting his arrival. The mother of the Harem, who stood in one corner of the room, introduced him, as was her office, to his bride, who on his entrance rose up off

her seat, and as he advanced to take hold of her hand, seized his and kissed it as a token of submission. Reschid then lifted up the mysterious veil. The old mother of the Harem still occupied the corner, as motionless as a statue in its niche.

“‘I must send that baggage away,’ thought Reschid to himself; but this was more easily said than managed. ‘Here,’ said he, drawing forth from his pocket a silk purse, ‘are two hundred piastres, take them and begone.’

“The old hag did not move a muscle.

“‘Take any one of these!’ exclaimed the bridegroom, holding out his hand, in which lay several purses, some with five, six, eight, and ten hundred piastres.

“Still the old creature did not budge an inch. Sarata was smiling all this time beneath her mask, yclept veil.

“At length, Reschid, thinking that it was quite time to put an end to this farce, pushed the old hag out of the chamber. Then he turned round and looked upon Sarata’s face for the first time. But, alas! he was most wofully disappointed; for Sarata was not the *beauteous*

Peri the crafty Jewess, who had taken *baksheesh* from all parties, had led him to believe."

As soon as Rhoda had finished this reminiscence of her visit to Stamboul, I regained my chamber, and added a few pages to my journal. It was a most lovely night. I sat on my box by the open window, but my reverie was soon disturbed by the sound of the beating of muffled drums falling on my ears, which brought to my mind the "Dead March in Saul" when played at a soldier's funeral. Leaning out of the window, and glancing in the direction of His Highness's pavilion, I perceived a female figure enveloped in a large black *hubarah*, shuffling (for no Turkish or Egyptian woman can walk) along towards the gate that leads into the pavilion gardens. She was preceded by two eunuchs; then followed several boy eunuchs beating their muffled drums, which I was afterwards in the habit of hearing of a night, almost as frequently as the beating of the tattoo in India, and

"I hated its mournful and discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round."

I looked with astonishment at this midnight

march. For some moments my glance was riveted upon the procession, it had such a novel and singular appearance ; but turning my eyes towards His Highness's pavilion I beheld it lighted up. Then, looking through my achromatic opera-glass, and at the same time placing my ear down on the window-sill, I

“ Heard through the pavilion melodious music steal,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands ;
Self-poured the champagne sparkles in the bowl ;
The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
And the soft voices of the choral bands.”

Then full well did I know that Ismael Pacha, the Viceroy, was giving a fête that evening ; and the idea struck me, as afterwards proved to be the fact, that the veiled figure was one of His Highness's “ *ikbals* ” (favourite slaves), who had gone to pass the night in the far-famed “ guest's chamber,” in the Pavilion. I afterwards learned that whenever the Viceroy required the presence of any of the favourites, they invariably proceeded to his presence in that manner ; and proud, indeed, were they whenever His Highness delighted to have their society.

A few nights afterwards, about eleven o'clock,

when I had closed my window, and had sat down to continue my journal, I was disturbed by the sounds of loud revelry. At first I was at a loss to conceive whence the noise issued, as I knew that the eunuchs always locked the outer doors leading down to the staircases at ten o'clock. Still, as the romping and laughing appeared to come from near the Harem gardens, at first I thought that, perhaps, some of the Viceroy's guests had become rather jovial, and had rambled about in the Pavilion gardens, in the vicinity of the Harem.

Listening, however, for a few moments, I heard the well-known laugh of one of my own slave attendants. Rising from my seat, I extinguished the wax-lights, opened the window softly, peeped out into the grounds, and, lo! there, to my utter amazement, I beheld a motley group of black female slaves. Moving about them were figures closely resembling the soldiers, when muffled up in their cloaks, who usually mounted guard at the outside gates of the Harem. Looking through my opera-glass, I immediately discerned several of the eunuchs "tripping along the verdant green;" others

were dancing and singing as merrily as if they were an "elfin band."

I had heard much, and read a great deal, about the impossibility of men entering the harems of the East, considered so "sacred" by all Moslems, that no true believer has ever been known to visit the "Abode of Bliss" of a true Mussulman. But now that I had seen the female slaves of the Viceregal Harem rambling about at night with the eunuchs, "the guardians of those girls," and other muffled figures, I could not help giving credence to the assertion of a celebrated writer on Oriental life, that, crabbed and cross-grained as the eunuchs may be, still there are many of them who bow the knee to that sovereign ruler of Egypt, Prince Baksheesh, and that golden keys do sometimes throw back the rusty hinges of the doors they guard; or else how came the slaves and their partners, those muffled figures,

"To be dancing on the verdant lawn,
In the bright moonlight."

Then I remembered Mr. B.'s narrative of the eunuch, Dafay, whose wife had a numerous

family ; and having myself witnessed several of these spectres of mankind “toying and wooing” with the black female slaves, I doubted their infirmity of body, and kept a watchful eye over them. I would never allow any of the female slaves to sleep within my chamber, the door of which I both locked and bolted within nightly.

I had an excellent opportunity of remarking the immense sums of money squandered away in the Viceregal Harems of Ghezire and Alexandria. The annual supply of the richest silks, satins, velvets, laces, muslins, and numerous articles of female attire, together with boots, shoes, slippers, confectionery, *bonbons*, golden-leaved tobacco, Schiedam, perfumes, and a whole host of miscellaneous European articles, could not have cost less than 100,000*l.* per annum. The amount that their Highnesses expended in jewels alone averaged 3,000*l.* per annum ; the sum sacrificed upon the altar of Prince Baksheesh cannot fall far short of 70,000*l.* per annum, and the bare expenses of the household must amount to 44,000*l.* per annum ; so that it may be estimated the Viceregal Harem costs the Viceroy no less a sum than 250,000*l.*

to 300,000*l.* per annum, or 250*l.* to 300*l.* per head; and this is, I feel assured, considerably within bounds, because it must be borne in mind that their Highnesses the Princesses distribute *baksheesh*, and a supply of both plain and costly attire, to those around them with no sparing hand.

The census of the Harem is 150 to 200 slaves and eunuchs included; and the profits of those who supply the Harem must be enormous; for every commodity is purchased in bulk, at wholesale prices, and charged to the Viceroy at the *marketable* rates.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE morning when I was quitting the Grand Pacha's Reception Saloon, accompanied by my pupil, to take our usual ramble in the gardens, one of the eunuchs approached, and after having made his ordinary salaam, informed me that the Viceroy Ismael Pacha requested me to take the Prince on board his beautiful yacht, *The Crocodile*, and that I should find the Grand Pacha's yacht, the elegant *Fairy*, lying off the Harem landing-place, which would convey us on board His Highness's steamer, which had proceeded farther up the Nile.

Returning to my chamber, I attired myself in a silk walking-dress, while Shaytan took the Prince into his room, and dressed him in grand tenue as a Turkish General.

His uniform consisted of a pair of grey trousers, fastened round his knees with a strap, patent leather knickerbockers, laced up outside, a grey cloth kilt, buckled round his waist by a broad white web band, over which was placed a jacket of the same colour, most richly embroidered with silver lace and silver buttons. Then a black silk velvet paletot, trimmed with gold lace and gold buttons, and lined with crimson satin, the skirts of which were drawn back by a strap of gold lace, fastened behind to the waist with a gold button, completed his dress. On his shoulders he wore two gold epaulets. In his pockets were placed two handkerchiefs, one of red silk and the other of the finest lawn, each corner of which was embroidered with white silk and gold thread, neither of which he ever used. They were never washed, but when crumpled, ironed out.

Leading the Grand Pacha by the hand, I took him downstairs, proceeded across the garden into the Harem, and passed forthwith into the room occupied by the ladies of the Harem. There I found their Highnesses the Princesses, the three wives, congregated to-

gether, each of whom took hold of the Prince, kissed him several times, and gave him messages to deliver to the Viceroy.

As soon as the Grand Pacha had bid them adieu, I proceeded with him to the landing-place, where we embarked on board the *Fairy*, accompanied by his usual attendants, and the yacht steamed away up the Nile. The Prince, as soon as he went on board, where he was received with the usual honours, hurried down the stairs into the saloon, and most kindly took me all over the yacht.

The saloon was most elegantly fitted up. On its gilded panels were painted several pleasing landscapes of Alexandria and its suburbs. The ceiling was painted white, with gilded beading and cornices. The floor was covered with a rich Brussels carpet. The sofa was of ormolu and gold, covered with figured white satin. Large mirrors reached down from the ceiling to the floor. Ormolu tables, with marble tops, were placed about in different parts, as also cane chairs. The cushions of the divans were of white figured satin, trimmed with brilliant massive gold tassels. Some black

satin cushions, ornamented with gold thread and pearls, also lay upon the floor.

The six plate-glass windows on each side, which reached from the ceiling down to the floor, were fixed in rosewood frames, that could, as well as the wooden jalousies, if necessary, be drawn over those openings when the glass windows were drawn back into the sides.

At the farther extremity were two immense glass mirrors, which formed, as it were, folding-doors, and when these were drawn back the whole appeared as one immense saloon.

The doors having been pushed back, I entered the other compartment, which I found similarly furnished to that I had just quitted. Proceeding along it, I reached a mirror that formed a door on the right-hand side, and pushing this back I discovered that it led me into a lavatory. Opposite to it was the water-closet—not *à l'Anglaise*, but *à la Turque*—which consisted of a marble floor, in which was a hole cut, in the shape of a carpenter's plumb-line. I had seen similar ones at Troyes, in France, on the line from Paris to Basle. In one corner stood a silver ewer filled with water.

At the farthest extremity of the saloon were two immense mirrors, reaching down from the ceiling to the floor, which formed folding-doors, and on sliding them back into their sockets, both myself and my pupil walked out on to the semicircular poop-deck, which was carpeted and covered with an awning, and encircled by a gilt rail.

After steaming up the river some distance, the tender, as the *Fairy* was often called, soon reached the Viceroy's yacht, *The Crocodile*, and was hailed by the Captain Bachi, to bring-to.

A long narrow rowing-boat then approached the yacht. It was covered with an awning, manned by fourteen rowers, having crimson velvet-cushioned seats on both sides, the bottom being matted and richly carpeted.

At the stern, which was raised, sat the captain and four of the crew, holding the cords of the red satin awning, lined with white satin and trimmed with gold fringe. We both entered it, seated ourselves under the awning, and were rowed alongside *The Crocodile*.

As the boat neared His Highness's yacht, the

band of the regiment on board (for Ismael Pacha, who may be said, like the Chinese, to live the greater part of his time on the water, always carries a band with him), struck up the Sultan's March as the Grand Pacha and myself ascended the ladder, which was covered with crimson cloth. The officers then advanced, saluted him, and the soldiers presented arms.

As the Viceroy had visitors, we proceeded into the first or audience saloon, on the panels of which were exquisitely painted several scenes of the most interesting places on the Nile. Between these were let in, as it were, in richly gilded frames, peacocks with their magnificent tails spread out at full length, and several other specimens of the varied ornithology of Egypt, all formed of precious stones. Also numerous bouquets of flowers and clusters of fruit. The ceiling was painted white, having a beautiful centre-piece representing a battle scene, one of Ibrahim Pacha's victories in Syria; the most conspicuous objects in which were several wild-looking horses, held by Arabs. It was edged with gilt beading and ornamented with rich cornices.

The floor was covered with matting, over which was placed a rich-looking drab-ground carpet, interspersed with roses and large blue convolvuluses. The divan in which His Highness sat is covered with red and white silk and gold thread, which gives it a most gorgeous appearance. The framework of the chairs were gold, and the seats covered with the same material as the divan, as also were the hangings of the doors and windows. In the centre stood a superb round inlaid table. Mirrors were placed on each side of the entrance, and also behind the divan, which was ranged across the saloon on which the Viceroy generally sat, so that he could see every person as they approached. Passing through a panel door, which was painted with a fine view of the cataracts up the Nile, we entered another saloon, whose sides, ceiling and carpet were similar to those of the compartment through which the Prince and myself had just passed, except that between the painted panels were placed gilded frames containing figures of wild animals and birds, all having jewelled eyes.

The seats to the chairs, &c., were covered

with red satin, the framework, chairs and sofas were of ormolu and gold, the hangings and doors were of the same material as the covers of the furniture. In the centre stood a square sliding dining-table, covered with a crimson cloth richly embroidered with gold thread, fringed with a deep border of bullion, and at the corners were the everlasting crescent and star. Mirrors reached from the ceiling, on which was painted an Egyptian landscape, down to the floor.

Then I pushed back the folding glass-doors into their sockets, and we walked out on to the poop-deck, which was covered with a handsome thick carpet. Large easy rosewood chairs and footstools, covered with green velvet, were scattered about. It was protected from the rays of the burning sun by a snow-white canvas awning, under which was placed a square one of thick crimson silk, lined with white satin and trimmed with bullion fringe, with curtains of the same material hanging down from a gilt rod. Having remained for some moments enjoying the refreshing breeze which had sprung up, and which at that season of the year was a luxury, we descended into the saloon, opened a door on the

right hand and walked into the Viceroy's bed-chamber. The ceiling was richly gilded and beautifully painted in fresco; and the panels were of rosewood highly polished, between which hung in superb gilded frames figures of numerous animals. This constant display of figures of the inhabitants of the forest impressed me with an idea that the whole of the descendants of Mehemet Ali with whom I had not as yet come into contact, were naturally cruel, overbearing, and even brutal in their tastes. In short, barbarity appeared to be a legacy which had descended to them, as I had already seen the Grand Pacha manifest the utmost indifference to human sufferings, and take delight in the exercise of wanton cruelty towards his inferiors and the companions of his daily pastimes.

The floor was covered with a crimson carpet interspersed with white Japan roses. The gilded iron bedstead was surmounted with gilded knobs; on the top in the centre stood a large gilt crescent. The hangings, which slid upon gilded rods, were of rich crimson silk. The coverlet was of white corded silk, superbly embroidered with gold thread and trimmed with bullion fringe.

At the foot, resting on an ormolu table, on which was placed a magnificent Sèvres toilette service, stood a large mirror. At one side of the chamber was placed a superb inlaid ebony wardrobe, and opposite to it stood a rich cabinet to match. The latter was a most exquisite piece of workmanship, a perfect gem. On this day it so attracted the notice of the Grand Pacha, who must have observed it "many a time and oft," that he stopped to examine every part of it. On this morning, however, its golden key had been left in the lock, and the Prince's curiosity to examine its interior was so intense that I could not restrain His Highness from unlocking it, who immediately commenced rummaging its contents. Among numerous other objects of rare *vertu* which attracted the little Prince's attention, was a gold-clasped red morocco book, about the size of an ordinary note letter-blotted. Taking it up and handing it to me he requested that I would open it for him.

Acting according to his commands I turned the elegantly-chased gold key that was fastened to its handle, in the Bramah-like wards, and then handed the book over to the Prince. He

took it in his tiny hands, turned it over and over again, admired the elegant manner in which its covers were embossed, opened it, turned the leaves over, apparently expecting to find that it contained some pictures or photographs.

Great, however, was his disappointment, when he found only a few pages covered over with what he termed characters *à la Franca*. Placing that precious "Red Book," which, though not the Egyptian Court Guide, might most appropriately have been termed, *minus* its colour, the Viceroy Ismael Pacha's "*Blue Book*," into my hand, I scanned the pages, and—guess my utter astonishment, when I saw that it contained a list of the "eighteen other Princes" who govern Egypt.

I could scarcely believe my eyesight. It appeared to me as if I were under the delusion of a *mirage*. Again I ran my eye down that list. Then I became convinced that it was a reality; for at the head of the first page loomed forth, in a bold clear handwriting, the title of that sovereign ruler of Egypt, Prince Baksheesh, and underneath, in regular order, were placed

the names, at full length, of all those special Princes and their subordinates; and opposite to each, in the red-ink column, commencing with that of my own special Prince, were placed sums beginning with 3,000*l.* down to 300*l.*, and at the bottom the significant words "*per annum.*" Then I fully understood the force of the expression of that clever contributor to 'Once a Week,' when he states, "Let your own special Prince back up your petition," &c., and what have you got? Nothing! I repeat, that at that moment I only understood the force of that expression, but I can now affirm that I have lived to experience its veracity.

I relocked that valuable *souvenir*. Kind reader, it is indeed a precious volume! for no less a sum than 17,000*l.* was offered for its abstraction. I then explained to H. H. the Grand Pacha that it contained an account of the *baksheesh* which I supposed the Viceroy was either accustomed to, or else intended to, distribute to those Europeans whom "he delighted to honour," and safely lodged it in its place. I had held a fortune in my hands; but as "honesty is the best policy," I left the tempter,

and walked away from the cabinet—a wiser, although decidedly not a richer, woman.

On the top of this matchless cabinet stood a most magnificently inlaid square ivory box, which also attracted the Prince's attention; but finding that it was locked, he turned round to the Viceroy's *Tchiboukdji*, "pipe-bearer," who may be termed His Highness's factotum. The individual holding this office is one of the most influential persons about his person, since he possesses the power to refuse all admittance to the Viceregal presence, and can at all times command the ear of his august liege. In short, it may be remarked, that he seldom or never quits the Viceregal presence by night nor day.

I have often been with His Highness, Ismael Pacha, when the world may have thought that we were "all alone, all alone!" but you may take it for granted that, as my footsteps approached towards the Viceregal sanctorum, the *Tchiboukdji* vanishes, Asmodeus-like, out of sight, undoubtedly exclaiming to himself, like Oberon in the 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,'—

“ But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference ; ”

and snugly ensconced himself behind the hangings of either the doors or windows, as was his wont. Had that drapery been drawn aside, there would that faithful being have been found standing as motionless and breathless as the spectre in ‘ Don Giovanni ; ’ so that you may believe me when I say that, shrouded as it were in his invisibility, he is ever present at all interviews which take place between His Highness and his male favourites, associates in commerce, ministers, ah ! and even when “ our own Prince,” or any of the other seventeen Princes who govern Egypt obtain audiences.

Thus does he become the depository of both private and state secrets. His smile to all about the Viceregal person is like the “ new born day,” but his frown is like the impenetrable darkness of night. The Grand Eunuch is his bosom friend, and when smoking their golden-coloured tobacco together (rendered still more acceptable by the addition of a mite of opium) is it not possible that he may have exclaimed, in the beautiful language of the Prince of Poets—

“ But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of the prison-house,
I would a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

The *Tchiboukdji* immediately produced a small key and opened the box.

The Grand Pacha gazed with delight upon the contents of both the compartments. The top one contained numerous small purses filled with Egyptian silver *paras*, and sovereigns, both Egyptian, English, and Turkish, French napoleons, and gold ten and five-franc pieces. Lifting up the tray, the second compartment was filled with jewelled hilts for swords, buckles inlaid with crescents and stars of diamonds, which had evidently been used for sword-belts, many of which must from their antique settings, have belonged to the renowned Mehemet Ali and the gallant Ibrahim Pacha.

There was another tray filled with an immense quantity of large loose precious stones of great value, of which the little Prince took up a handful, seated himself upon the divan, and

began to play with them. After he had amused himself for a considerable time in that harmless manner, he made the *Tchiboukdji* hand him all the large purses of money which stood in the top compartment, one by one, while he emptied their contents on to the divan, and then set to playing at keeping a bank, his most favourite pastime. Thus early did he develop that he inherited his father's genius of understanding "the art of making money produce a proper return."

As soon as he became tired of that amusement, he rose up, leaving to the *Tchiboukdji*, who was of an amiable disposition, the trouble of re-sorting all the different coins, and putting them back into their respective purses.

After we had examined the whole of this princely yacht, we proceeded into the grand saloon, where we now found Ismael Pacha, the Viceroy, who had been closeted with His Excellency Reschid Pacha on our arrival, alone, dressed *à la Européenne*, sitting on a divan; and whom I now discovered, to my discomfiture, to be no other than the individual whom I had mistaken in the Harem to be the Viceregal barber. I curtsyed and remained

standing, until he motioned me to be seated on the divan on his right side.

His Highness, who is most affable both in his manners and deportment, has a pleasing yet thoughtful expression of countenance, an excellent type of *bonhomie*, and yet the very picture of the celebrated Rothschild when leaning against the pillar on 'Change, minus the Jewish cast of contour. He scanned my lineaments and attire from head to foot, and, as is his custom, "he sily lifted his eye's blue windowlet," and looked intently at me for a considerable time. Then he placed the little Prince on his left hand, and despatched the *Tchilruk*dji, who had now entered the apartment, to fetch a purse of *paras*, which generally contained about 5*l.*, the contents of which he emptied into the Grand Pacha's pockets to distribute as *bakshesh* among his attendants, the whole of which I was surprised to see on our return to the Harem was taken possession of by the head-nurse, who handed the greater portion to myself. At first I declined to accept any of the coins, but being informed that it was the custom to receive such, I always afterwards

took whatever pieces of money Shaytan handed to me; the rest, as a matter of course, she kept to herself.

The Viceroy then turned round to me, and inquired if I would like to make an excursion up the Nile. Replying in the affirmative, and thanking Ismael Pacha for his attention, I curtsayed and retired with the Prince, who salaamed his father, as was his usual custom.

On descending the gangway we were rowed alongside another yacht, called the "Ibis," on board of which we were received with the customary honours, and passed the day steaming up and down the Nile, during which excursion we passed within sight of the palaces of Kasr Dubarra, Kasr El Ainée, and the celebrated island of Rhoda, at the southern extremity of which stands the Nilometer, at the point where the river branches off into two streams, one of which passes by Ghiseh, and the other by Old Cairo. A portion of the island was at that time covered with the slime of the Nile, through which, however, several shrubs had thrust, as it were, their branches; white ibises were on the surface, dipping their beaks into it in search of

prey ; huge sycamores spread their grateful shade around.

Those beautiful gardens, the delight of Ibrahim Pacha, which stand on its northern extremity, were at that season of the year just bursting forth in all their splendour. There the stately palm-trees of the Antilles waved their lofty slender branches ; the gigantic Indian bamboos, upwards of ten feet high, grow as luxuriantly as if they reared their heads in the jungles of Bengal. There also were to be seen specimens of foliage quite foreign to the soil, but cut in most singular fashion, as also fruit-trees, whose forms are as peculiar as the taste of their fruit, all of which give a most curious and unique aspect to those exquisite gardens, which are interspersed with long and wide shady avenues, and surrounded by almost impenetrable masses of masonry. There flower-beds flourish filled with brilliant exotics, and emerald spots irrigated with streams of clear water, and large patches of vegetable-gardens in the highest state of cultivation. A small white marble kiosk reared its tapering roof above the dark

green foliage of the sycamores, and a stone bank stood by the river-side.

The next morning, as soon as the Prince had returned from his usual walk, I obtained permission from the Princess Epouse to pay a visit to Mr. B.'s, at Cairo. Orders were accordingly given by the Grand Eunuch for a state barge to be prepared to convey me across the Nile, and a messenger was despatched to Cairo, to order a carriage to be sent down to the landing-place, on the Cairo side, as there are no carriages or horses kept at the Harem or Pavilion.

After I had been kept waiting several hours, I embarked in the barge, landed on the other side of the Nile, entered the Viceregal carriage, and forthwith proceeded to the banker's.

Fortunately, I found Mr. B. at home. He received me very kindly, and listened attentively to my description of the inconveniences to which I had been subjected.

As I found it utterly impossible to adopt any regular system as to the educational surveillance of the Grand Pacha, I deemed it prudent

to explain in detail to Mr. B. the difficulties which I had to encounter.

The irregularity which prevailed in the domestic arrangements of the Harem had totally frustrated all my endeavours to carry out any regular system. Sometimes I received orders from the Grand Eunuch, which were issued at the caprice of the Princess Eponse, who, as a matter of course, was perfectly ignorant as to the manner adopted in Europe of training up young children, to take the Grand Pacha out walking at six o'clock in the morning; on other occasions at seven, eight, and nine o'clock. And when once the little Prince was in the gardens, it was exceedingly difficult to get him to return. His will was law; and no matter how singular and unreasonable his whims were, still he must be indulged in them.

I drew up a scheme for his education, and endeavoured to obtain the Viceroy's sanction to its execution; but that Prince explained to me that he did not wish the Prince to be taught from books or toys, as he would pick up English quickly enough by being constantly

with me ; so that I abandoned all idea of educational training.

Then I explained to Mr. B. the numerous degradations to which I was subjected, and called his attention to the fact that I was unprovided with either chairs or tables ; that I was obliged to use my trunks as substitutes for such necessities, which were liable to, and actually did, before I retired from His Highness's service, produce spinal complaint.

Again and again, as I had previously done, when remaining as a guest, nay, I should rather add as a caged bird, under his hospitable roof, I pointed out to him that not only did I find the Arab diet so nauseous to my taste as to oblige me to live chiefly upon dry bread and a little pigeon or mutton, but that, owing to the want of more nourishing food, and especially European cooking, I found my strength gradually sinking day by day ; and that the constant use of coffee, and the total deprivation of those stimulants, such as malt liquor and wine, to which I had always been accustomed, and of which it is absolutely necessary that Europeans

should partake in warm countries, to counteract the hostile debilitating effects of the climate, would, I fear, soon throw me on a bed of sickness.

Besides, I was constantly being sent out with the Prince into the gardens during the intense heat of the day, the thermometer often ranging from 99° to 100°; it really seemed as if the Princess Epouse considered that I had been thoroughly acclimatized before I entered the Harem.

Then the very atmosphere I breathed was continually impregnated with the fumes of tobacco, into which large quantities of opium and other deleterious narcotics were infused, which so affected my constitution that my spirits began to flag, and I felt a kind of heavy languid apathy come over me, that scarcely any amount of energy on my part was able to shake off.

The irksome monotony of my daily life had produced a most unpleasant feeling in my mind. Not only had I lost much of my wonted energy, but a kind of lethargy seemed to have crept over me; a most undefinable reluctance to move about had imperceptibly gained ascendancy over

my actions;—to walk, to speak (and here I must not forget to mention that my voice had become extremely feeble)—to apply myself to drawing, reading, or, in fact, to make the slightest exertion of any kind whatever, had become absolutely irksome to me.

It was not the feeling of what we Europeans call *ennui* which I experienced, for that sensation can always be shook off by a little moral courage and energy ; but it was a state bordering on that frightful melancholy, that must, if not dispelled, engender insanity. And my experience of such feelings is not to be wondered at, if my position in the Harem is thoroughly examined.

CHAPTER XII.

WELL, kind reader; there I was, totally unacquainted with either the Turkish or Arabic tongues; unaccustomed to the filthy manners, barbarous customs, and disgusting habits of all around me; deprived of every comfort by which I had always been surrounded; shut out from all rational society; hurried here and there, in the heat of a scorching African sun, at a moment's notice; absolutely living upon nothing else but dry bread and a little pigeon or mutton, barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Compelled to take all my meals but my scanty breakfast (a dry roll and cup of coffee) in the society of two clownish disgusting German peasant servants; lacking the stimulants so essentially necessary for the preservation of health in such a hot climate; stung

almost to death with mosquitoes, tormented with flies, and surrounded with beings who were breeders of vermin; a daily witness of manners the most repugnant, nay, revolting, to the delicacy of a European female—for often have I seen, in the presence of my little Prince,

“ A lady of the Harem, not more forward than all the rest,
Well versed in Syren's arts, it must be confessed,
Shuffle off her garments, and let her figure stand revealed,
Like that of Venus who no charms concealed ! ”

Surrounded by intriguing Arab nurses, who not only despised me because I was a Howadji, but hated me in their hearts because, as a European lady, I insisted upon receiving, and most assuredly I did receive, so far as the Viceroy and the Princesses, the three wives, were concerned, proper respect. The bare fact of my being allowed to take precedence of all the inmates of the Harem, even of the *Ikbals*, “favourites,” galled them to the quick; and there is no doubt but they were at that time inwardly resolved to do their utmost to render my position as painful as possible, nay, even untenable. Then my only companions were the ladies of the Harem, whose appearance

I have already described as being totally at variance with that glowing myth-like picture that Tom Moore gives of retired beauty, so erroneously supposed to be caged within the precincts of the *Abodes of Bliss*, in his exquisite poem of 'Lalla Rookh,' for therein I failed to find

"Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light."

They were composed of the old *Ikbals*, favourites of Ibrahim Pacha, and some of those who had ceased to rank as such, or, as the slaves emphatically termed it, to *please* the "Baba Efendimir."

I was struck with their use of the expression, "please the Viceroy," for it was one that had been used to me when I had an interview in London with Mr. C. H.'s sister, prior to my leaving for Egypt, by that lady. At that time I did not heed the expression; now that the *Ikbals* had used it I understood their significance of its meaning, and I was perfectly convinced in my own mind that, taking it in that sense, they

meant that I should *not* please His Highness, no matter how long I remained in the Viceregal service.

Many were very old, as no woman is ever ejected from this supposed type of the Mahometan Paradise, as poor Hagar was repudiated of old ; except when the "green-eyed monster," jealousy or envy, sends her to her "long account with all her imperfections on her head." When she is doomed, however, with calm resignation,

"She hears the fatal news—no word—no groan ;
She speaks not, moves not, stands transfixed to stone ;"

but how she went, or when, no one within that mystic Castle of Indolence dare tell ; and yet the depths of the slimy Nile, could they but speak, "would many a tale unfold." When questioned all shake their heads, and utter that significant Arab expression *Malesch ! Malesch !* "No matter, no matter !"

White slaves and black were mingled indiscriminately ; the former, though young, were not beautiful. Black slaves were there, disgusting-looking negresses with low foreheads, sure sign of cunning, malice, deceit, and treachery, sunken over the eyebrows, not unlike those hideous-

looking beings the Cretins, with large rolling, heavy, inexpressive eyes, the mark of want of intelligence which renders women almost akin to animals; flat, misshapen noses, wide mouths, projecting jawbones, black broad lips, long-fingered hands, filbert nails, orange-coloured by the use of *henna*, spindle legs, projecting heels, and not very large but flat feet. The colour of their skin varied considerably. Some had bright glossy black, others rather brown, and all possessing bad teeth, a rare thing with the regular negress; and to sum up all, their *tout ensemble* was very repulsive.

Their occupation during the best portion of the day consisted in lolling or rolling about the divans and mattresses which lay upon the ground, or squatting upon all fours, doubling themselves up like snips upon their boards, or clasped knives, which *pose plastique* I was for ever doomed to behold. These were proceedings far more appropriate to beasts than human beings.

Then my head ached again with the incessant clattering of the tongues of upwards of two hundred women and children, jabbering away like monkeys—some in Arabic, others in Turkish;

while the Ethiopian, Nubian, and Abyssinians were constantly hooping and hallooing out most indecent language in their own vernacular, since they do not, like Europeans, consider that

“Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense;”

but made such a hubbub that it was like “Bedlam let loose.”

Pray, kind reader, just picture yourself surrounded by such a motley group of beings, gabbling, chattering to me in their unknown tongues (for at that moment I did not understand either Arabic or Turkish), and making grimaces like monkeys from four o'clock in the morning until ten at night incessantly; and then you may form some idea of life in the Harem—that myth-like Elysium of the fertile imagination of both western and eastern poets.

My conduct in this “Mansion of Bliss” had to be marked with the greatest circumspection, in order not to awaken the jealousy of the Princesses, the Three Wives, and the Viceroy’s *Ikbal*s, favourite slaves. Their Highnesses watched my actions and movements with the closest interest; I should rather

add with *alarm*, lest the Viceroy should bestow upon me what they in their total ignorance of European manners and customs might be led to construe with attention too marked.

All were Arabs, and many of the favourites Nubians; and well did I remember the account that Warburton has given of the revenge taken by that Nubian, Malek of Shendy, surnamed "The Tiger," who burnt His Highness's uncle, Ismael Pacha, Mehemet Ali's second son, on a funeral pyre, because that young prince struck him with his pipe across the face, and yelled triumphantly with delight when he heard his dying screams.

I had also heard the slaves in the Harem talk of the sudden disappearance of a favourite slave some short time before I entered that "Castle of Pleasure;" and as I had been particularly instructed by one of the Viceroy's "partners" (as the ladies of the Harem styled him) not to allow His Highness to partake of anything that had not been previously examined by the "*Hekim Bachi*" (Viceregal doctor), lest he should be poisoned, I very naturally kept a

sharp look-out, in case an attempt should be made to remove me by similar means.

I knew that the head-nurse hated me, simply because more respect was paid to me than was shown to herself. On one occasion that negress offered me an apple ; but looking round, I perceived a slave, who had been one of the Viceroy's favourites, fix her large blue eyes upon the nurse, who changed colour—for, "although black as ebony she was," still she blushed—and recalling to my mind the circumstance, as told to me in the Harem, of the little nephew handing a Viceroy the poisoned dates, I declined the fruit, and after that Shaytan ever afterwards abstained from offering me any more. The vile wretch had betrayed herself by her own countenance, and henceforth I was on my guard.

I soon became aware of the dangerous position I occupied, and resolutely determined, by tact and prudence, to gain not only the esteem but the confidence (as Mr. — had advised me) of their Highnesses the Princesses ; and I can say, with feelings of satisfaction, that, after I had fought "the battle" on my first entrance

into the Harem, I was esteemed by the Viceroy, and his three wives, beloved by my Prince, and respected, yet feared, by the whole of the inmates of the Harem, from the Grand Eunuch down to the meanest slave; yet I never propitiated them with that sovereign ruler of Egypt, Prince Baksheesh.

No attempt was ever made by Mr. B. or the Messrs. H.'s to ameliorate my position. Mr. C. H. termed my complaints fastidious, and added that "we English people never would accommodate ourselves to circumstances." But, Prussian as he was, I can assure you he very much resembled a first-rate Parisian exquisite. One thing which I can vouch for is, that at the Hotel du Rhin, at Paris, and in his own house at Alexandria—for I had visited it—he took special care to have everything provided for his own convenience, as in all probability he had, in the capacity of a Crimean sutler, like his partners, roughed it in the war, where he had reaped the first fruits of his wealth from the purses of the English officers, whose countrymen he so thoroughly despised, not feeling (to use his own expression) "disposed to accommodate them-

selves to circumstances." I think he would have shown much better taste had he allowed the Viceroy's orders to have been carried out; for the Prince, whom I had heard styled by that immaculate Prussian as a "barbarian," perfectly understood

"That when a lady is in the case,
Everything else gives place."

It is due also to the Princess Epouse to state it was through her kindness and attention that I was supplied with a chair and table, and night commode; had a slave appointed to attend upon me, and the Viceroy sent me a case of claret, a chest of tea, soup from his own table when I was ill, ordered his *Ilekim Bachi*, "Doctor," to attend upon me, and placed a carriage at my disposal to take airings with the Grand Pacha. Orders were given to supply all my wants. But His Highness's partners stepped in, and, like one of Prince Baksheesh's creatures, "put a spoke in my wheel," and I got nothing. Absolutely nothing!

His Highness the Viceroy, learning that I had complained of my diet, with thorough kindness of heart sent to Europe for a cook;

and a German from Frankfort—the most accommodating of all foreign cities—was engaged. She arrived on the eve of my departure for Constantinople, so that I derived no benefit from her gastronomic services, as she remained in the Harem at Alexandria, and I was the only European who accompanied the Viceregal family to Istamboul.

The next morning I was surprised by the German laundrymaid entering my room, after breakfast, and asking me if I would do her the favour to speak to the Princess Epouse, and obtain permission for her to visit Cairo; but as I had been cautioned not to interfere or meddle in the slightest degree with the domestic arrangements of the Harem, I declined, at the same time advising her to apply direct to the Lady Paramount, to whose suite she belonged. After that I was never troubled with any more applications, except to read the contracts which had been entered into by herself and sister, who afterwards came into the Harem as needlewomen. Their duties consisted in keeping the linen of the Viceroy, and that of the Grand Pacha, in order. These contracts

were drawn up by a gentleman in the office of one of His Highness's partners, and then I learned, to my astonishment, that their stipends were nearly double the amount which had been assigned to me in the vague contract that I had entered into in London, and that circumstance at once conveyed to me the appreciation in which English ladies are held in the eyes of this Frankfort clique.

The offices of these two German maids were perfect sinecures, as they were not employed more than two or, at the most, three days in the week; but the airs and graces which they gave themselves were most unbearable, and I was often obliged to reprove them for the free and easy, nay disrespectful manner in which they intruded themselves into the presence of their Highnesses the Princesses.

One morning when I entered the reception-hall with the Prince, I was informed by the grand eunuch, that the barge was waiting at the landing-place to convey us to the other side of the Nile, where a carriage would take us to pay a visit to the Harem occupied by the widow of the late Viceroy, Said Pacha.

After having been rowed across the Nile, we landed, entered one of the Viceregal carriages, and, attended by an escort of cavalry, proceeded to the Gate of Bab-el-Hadid; then we passed across the bridge erected over the canal, and proceeded through a beautiful avenue of sycamore-trees. They were originally planted by the French, but through the fertility of the soil have grown up to an enormous size, so that they closely resemble a dense forest; forming a most agreeable shady avenue, assuredly the prettiest promenade, to a European's taste, in the vicinity of Cairo; and yet it is by no means so fashionable as that leading to Boulac and Old Cairo. When we had proceeded halfway down, as the day was extremely sultry, we stopped at an old café to let the horses draw breath.

This drive afforded me an opportunity of seeing a little of the suburbs of the capital, which are very interesting. Among many other objects we caught a glimpse of the fort which that unfortunate French General, Kleber, erected; it is prettily situated amidst several unique country houses. Soon afterwards we approached that

magnificent palace built by Mehemet Ali. Alighting from the carriage I took the Grand Pacha by the left hand, as the Viceroy had explained to me that such was their custom, as the right hand was left at liberty to salaam with.

Our path lay through some very pretty but by no means very extensive gardens. They are arranged in the European style, and scarcely partake of anything like Orientalism, except the foliage and exotics. A German gardener keeps them in a high state of perfection. They are intersected with straight walks, some of which have a most singular appearance, being paved with mosaics.

The myrtle and jasmine hedges are very pretty, and in the grounds there is a greater variety of sweet-scented roses—the perfume of which is almost overpowering—than is to be found in any other part of Egypt. Here grows the banana beside the orange, the golden narcissus hides its tender head from the scorching sun, the Mexican tuberose germinates as well as in its native soil, and impregnates the atmosphere

with its delicious odour. Here bloom the odoriferous lemon-trees, and the lofty acacia *Nilotica* rears its head amidst the numerous fountains.

In the centre of the gardens stands an elegant octagonal kiosk, and what is singular, of European architecture. It has beautiful stained-glass windows, over which hang rich yellow satin curtains, handsomely arranged with unique European furniture to correspond. Proceeding farther on we reached the Grand Kiosk, an elegant highly-finished modern structure. It has a large white marble basin, with huge sculptured lions *couchant* at each corner, from which spouted forth streams of clear water. The fountain, decidedly the real lion of the place, is roofless; but a covered gallery, supported by elegant alabaster columns, extends all round it, and leads into the apartments. These are furnished in truly regal style *à la Européenne*, but having handsome divans extending underneath the windows *à la Turquie*.

Numerous very pretty kiosks hang, as it were, over the water, and yet the entire structure has the semblance of being neither more nor less than a facsimile of some other Oriental building.

The singular style of its architecture, which is only partly Eastern, renders it a most interesting object to gaze upon, although it then contained neither baths nor odalaks. Its pleasing effect is considerably diminished by the walls being covered with some very mediocre Italian frescoes, which would be utterly unworthy of notice, were it not that the subjects are of a very interesting nature.

Here it was that a celebrated French artist most admirably painted the portrait of its celebrated founder, Mehemet Ali, who passed almost all his leisure time at this agreeable retreat; and here it was too that, when pointing to that full-length portrait that now adorns the apartment in the palace of Ras-el-Tin, at Alexandria, the venerable octogenarian regenerator of Egypt delighted to amuse his guests by impressing upon their minds how boldly he had set at nought that ridiculous prohibition of the Prophet, who forbade every Mussulman to sit for his portrait, or to hang up pictures of figures in their dwellings.

Murray states, in his 'Handbook of Egypt,' that the fountain "had gas lamps, and that such

was actually in use here long before any part of Paris was lighted with it," but I failed to perceive any. The kiosk called *El Gebel*, "the Hill," is most commandingly situated, and affords a superb vista of the whole grounds, the Nile, the lovely terraces, all studded with fragrant exotics, and the distant verdant hills.

We soon entered the Palace, a large but rather indifferently-built structure.

Passing through the gates of the Harem, which were immediately closed after us, and the massive bolts drawn, we traversed a small courtyard. Then the eunuch unlocked a small door, and we ascended a broad staircase, the steps of which were covered with fine matting, which led us into a large apartment, covered with a thick variegated-coloured Persian carpet. The ceiling was ornamented with well-executed arabesque designs. The walls were whitewashed, and the lower part had a skirting, from four to five inches deep, round it, of Dutch tiles.

The windows, which were in the French style, reached down to the floor. The hangings both of them and the doors were of rich coloured silk and muslin, looped up with massive bullion

cords and tassels. In the centre stood an elegant inlaid coloured marble fountain, whose waters spread a delightful and refreshing coolness all around, for the thermometer then stood at 120°.

Her Highness, the widow of Said Pacha, one of the handsomest women I had yet seen in any of the harems, sat reclining on a divan, smoking cigarettes. She was of middle stature, her full brown eyes were lustrous and still full of expression—for she was rather advanced in years—her features regular and of the Circassian type. She wore no corset, although rather stout, but her carriage was erect. Her dress was composed of a very long maroon-coloured silk dress, which trailed upon the ground, very full bright crimson silk trousers, over which costume she wore a chocolate-coloured velvet jacket.

Her head was covered with a dark silk handkerchief, a plume of ostrich feathers hung down over the right ear, and a beautiful artificial damask-rose, highly perfumed, drooped down as it were on the left.

A black spot was painted in the centre of her

forehead. In her small ears hung magnificent diamond drops ; and her alabaster-looking neck was encircled with a necklace of brilliants. Her small hands were as white as snow ; her fingernails were tinged with *henna* ; and several large diamond rings of the finest water sparkled on the little fingers of each hand.

Her Highness sat quite motionless as we were ushered into the room. I curtsied to her, while the Grand Pacha salaamed her in his usual manner. She motioned to us to be seated. The Prince, whom she kissed several times, sat on her right hand, and I on the left. A whole bevy of slaves, both white and black, stood about Her Highness, in the form of the everlasting crescent, awaiting the orders of their mistress, who still maintained an almost interminable silence. After a lapse of about ten minutes the Princess inquired of me, how long I had been in Egypt ? How many sisters I had ? And whether I liked Cairo ? To which interrogatories I replied briefly, yet with the greatest politeness. She then asked the Grand Pacha whether he liked me, upon which he replied in the affirmative.

The semicircle of slaves now receded a little, as a number of black ones entered the room bearing silver trays, which they handed to some of the white ones. On the trays were placed small glass dishes filled with Turkish and Egyptian sweetmeats, having three small gold spoons in each. These were handed to the Princess and ourselves. Other slaves served us with glasses filled with iced water. After this we partook of coffee, which was handed to us in elegant small *zarfs* or transparent Japan china egg-shaped footless cups, inlaid with diamonds and other precious stones, which stands they held between the thumb and fingers of their right hands.

While we were indulging ourselves with that refreshing beverage, light, beautifully cut-glass cups with covers, similar to those used in Europe for custards, only having two handles to them, placed in small saucers filled with different kinds of sherbet, were passed round on frosted silver trays of exquisite workmanship, over which were negligently thrown embroidered rose-pink silk napkins, which the slaves removed as they drew near to us.

In conformity with Oriental etiquette, we drank about two-thirds of that deliciously cool beverage. This refreshment being over, the Circassian slaves then knelt down and presented each of us with a gold salver, on which was placed a fine embroidered muslin napkin, fringed with a deep border of gold lace, with which we just touched our lips according to the custom of the country.

Then commenced a short running conversation between Her Highness and myself, which simply embraced a few commonplace questions as to my opinion of the country and the newest fashions, the details of which seemed to afford the Princess much pleasure, as all Oriental ladies of rank take great delight in learning how European ladies attire themselves.

After the lapse of half-an-hour the Princess rose from the divan and took me on a tour of inspection through the whole apartments. The Circassian and Greek slaves followed us at a respectful distance, while the black ones grouped together and brought up the *cortège*. All the rooms were very meagrely furnished ; I should

rather add, that they contained absolutely nothing more than elegant divans.

Returning to the audience saloon which we had quitted, Her Highness seated herself on the divan, and motioned for us to do likewise. She then clapped her hands, when the Circassian slaves brought the veil and *habarah* which I had worn ; for European ladies when paying visits to any of the Viceregal Princesses, out of respect invariably adopt that portion of the Turkish costume, and fail not to attire themselves in a black silk *habarah*, and wear a muslin veil, doubled at the upper part, over their face, which had been laid on a small rose-pink coloured Cashmere shawl, richly fringed with a deep border of bullion lace.

When I was attired in, to me, my *bal masqué* costume, I touched my lip and forehead with Her Highness's dress, who pressed my hand, saluted me on the cheek, lowered her right hand, then touched her lips and forehead, and graciously descended the staircase leading into the first courtyard, walked across the yard to the suspended coloured Egyptian mat that hung

before the door of the Harem like a curtain, which was then lifted up by the eunuch in attendance. Her Highness having retired, we found the Grand Eunuch standing upon the raised stone platform at the grand entrance awaiting our arrival.

The Prince bestowed baksheesh upon him, and we entered the carriage, re-crossed the Nile, and returned to the Harem. I was very glad that I had had this opportunity of visiting Her Highness the widow of Said Pacha, and from the conversation which I had with that Princess I came to the belief that Miss T.'s visit to that lovely creature had not been the *real* cause of her not having been, as Mr. C. H. stated, allowed to enter the Viceroy's service. From all that I had heard and seen, it appeared to me that she had actually been *in* the Viceregal Harem, but why or wherefore she did not enter upon her engagement is a mystery that I cannot solve, especially as my own "Special Prince" told me "that she was well remunerated." Hence there must have been some *fracas*, or how could *he* have known anything about her contract? But perhaps, like myself, she had

occasion to call at the British Consular Court at Alexandria to obtain her passport, which document is taken from all foreigners when they enter the Ottoman dominions, and being questioned by either the English Vice-consul or his subordinates, as to the purport of her visit to Egypt, she at once entered into a full explanation of her position, and was called upon to pay a fee of five shillings for registering herself as a British subject, a monstrous imposition, when the Foreign Office passport fully proved her nationality.

CHAPTER XIII.

A most erroneous impression has been drawn by authors as to the manner in which the inmates of the Harems pass their social life. It is certainly true that the greater portion of the day is spent in doubling themselves up on divans. Not attired in costly silks of China's looms, nor bedizened with gems of Golconda's mines, the Peris within the Viceregal "Castle of Indolence" generally wore dirty, filthy, crumpled muslin dresses, just as one might imagine the greatest slatterns in the back slums of St. Giles's would be seen walking about in when all their finery had been pledged.

There they were to be seen smoking their *Tchibouks*, or cigarettes, and drinking coffee *à la Turque*, as dark as porter, but yet most delicious.

I was quite astonished to find that their Highnesses were about and stirring as early as four o'clock in the morning, which was indeed *matinal*, as I have before mentioned that the Turks count their time from the setting of the sun, and it was then only a little after day-break.

At the dawn of day the Princesses partook of coffee and smoked cigarettes; then they remained quite motionless, apparently in a dreamy state, as they never uttered a syllable. About seven o'clock they received a visit from the Grand Eunuch. A crowd of old and young ladies of the Harem, and slaves wearing fashionable Parisian coloured satin shoes down at heel, and stockings almost heelless and footless, were squatted on the floor, like snips on their boards, in the form of a semicircle facing their Vice-regal mistresses, while others had gone and shut themselves up in their own apartments, which they invariably did when affected with any ailment however trivial, as they consider solitude to be Nature's best nurse and the body's safest physician. The former had been arranging bouquets, which are fresh gathered every

morning, as they are never placed in water, and the latter had been occupied in household duties, sweeping, dusting, carrying water, and arranging the apartments.

The morning toilette began by the slaves bringing into the Grand Pacha's room several small silver pans, not deeper than soup-plates but considerably wider, as also several small pieces of rag and balls of soap. Their Highnesses now squatted themselves upon the floor and tucked up their trousers (I and the Head Eunuch being also present), and began to wash their own feet, as they will not allow a slave to touch them under any circumstances whatever, and they wiped them with towels. After which silver ewers and basins, similar in shape and size to that which has already been described as being used by the head-nurse when dressing the Prince, were brought in by the slaves. Then they washed their faces with pieces of rag, which they had previously well soaped.

The slaves then held basins before each of them, while others poured water from the ewers over their hands as they kept soaping them ;

after which each held basins before them, into which water was poured, and which fluid they threw, or more properly speaking jerked, into their mouths, and then cleansed their teeth (which were not only irregular but much discoloured) with tooth-brushes and powder of French manufacture.

They only combed their hair (which was full of vermin) once a week, on Thursdays, the eve of their sabbath (Friday, *Djouma*), when it is well combed with a large small-tooth comb; and, pardon me, but "murder will out," the members of the vermin family which were removed from it were legion! It was afterwards well brushed with a hard hair-brush well damped with strong perfumed water. The tail at the back was plaited and turned up round over the handkerchief with which each covered her head, and fastened with small black dressing-pins to the handkerchief. Their Highnesses never wore stockings in the morning, nor did they change any of their attire till the afternoon.

On Mondays they employed themselves in cutting out pantaloons, dressing-gowns, &c., for

their liege lord, which were then given to the German needlewoman to make up; and the slaves made up flannel things for themselves, sitting on cushions laid down upon the carpet. The Princesses attended to the domestic occupations of their own slaves, over all of whom they possess the power of *life and death*, but with whom they live on terms of the greatest familiarity, and yet are at times most imperious and overbearing to them, so that their motto seems to be

"Nemo me impune lacessit."

With the *cuisine* they had nothing to do, for, as we have previously explained, it was situated near the barracks, and only men were employed therein. The Grand Eunuch waited upon them in the morning to know if they had any orders; but that was a mere matter of form, as I scarcely ever remarked any particular change in their diet or in the number of dishes served up, during the whole period of my residence at the Palace.

Those who performed the duties of washer-women were occupied daily in their avocation, except on their sabbath, Fridays. But that was

not very laborious work, since neither bed, table, nor chamber linen are used. Thus they were engaged until twelve, when their Highnesses partook of their breakfast separately. It was served up on a large green lackered tray *minus* table cloth, knives and forks, but with a large ivory tablespoon having a handsome coral handle, the evident emblem of their rank as Princesses. It was placed upon the *soofra*, "a low kind of stool," covered with a handsome silk cloth. The courses were similar to those I have already described as having been placed before the Grand Pacha. That repast occupied about twenty minutes. Then *Khanum Kaleons*, "pipes," into which are placed small pills of opium, or more often cigarettes and coffee were handed to them, and each Princess retired to her own apartment. Thus they became confirmed opium-smokers, which produced a kind of intoxication, but in a less brutal or offensive form than that of drunkenness, yet of a much more powerful nature.

Oftentimes after the Princesses had been indulging too freely in that habit, to which they had become slaves, their countenances would

assume most hideous aspects; their eyes glared, their eyebrows were knit closely together, no one dared to approach them. In fact, they had all the appearance of mad creatures, while at other times they were gay and cheerful. In short, all depended whether, during their *leſ* "*dolce far niente*," they had been transported in imagination into the seventh heaven of their paradise, and had enjoyed the bliss of delightful visions.

Then they drauk off the contents of a glass, apparently filled with water. The Princess Epouse had often asked me to taste it; in truth, she had so frequently solicited me to do so, that one day I complied with her request, as I was fearful she would feel offended if I did not. I took the proffered beverage, and when I put it to my lips, guess my utter astonishment at finding that it was not water but wine. Yes, actually and truly the veritable beverage so expressly forbidden by the Prophet.

I could hardly believe my senses, but did not utter a syllable, neither did I attempt to express any surprise, but told Her Highness that it was very good,—and thanked her. But subse-

quently, when I visited Constantinople, I learned that it was Carnabat wine ; the *Khismet*, "fate," of that extract, not to be drunk by Mussulmans, and yet of which the Turks swallow most copious draughts.

Then the Princesses took their *siesta*, as also did the ladies of the Harem and the slaves, who went and hid themselves in the most out-of-the-way places imaginable. Shaytan, the head nurse, who had no idea of being disturbed from her "dreams of bliss," generally laid herself down in the bed store-room, and sinking down, literally, on her "downy couch," fell off into the arms of Morpheus most happily.

One day, however, the Princess Epouse happened to enter the Prince's apartment, clapped her hands several times, but receiving no response to her Viceregal summons, became impatient, and passed into my apartment. Then we both began to hunt everywhere for the head-nurse. At length I bethought myself of the bed store-room, and leading Her Highness up to the pile of mattresses, showed her "the Sleeping Beauty" in her "bower of bliss." But the Princess, who was an Arab, thinking in all pro-

bability that it was a pity the "Sleeping Beauty" should lack the "Beast," rushed at the nurse like a Tigress, pulled her by the ears, and boxed her cheeks until her hands tingled again.

Shaytan jumped up affrighted, and looked at me with such an evil eye, as if she meant to say

"But never shalt thou know, destroyer of my sleep,
What I alone can tell, my hiding-places keep."

Having taken their *siesta*, the Princesses rose at five in the afternoon, and performed their evening toilette, which consisted in merely changing their outer-garments, and attiring themselves in *new* muslin dresses, as they never wear them after they have been washed; for when crumpled or soiled, they are ironed out, and when too faded, they use them as morning-wrappers. The slaves also adopted the same plan, hence the consumption of clothing of every description was enormous. For even the Princesses, as well as both the ladies of the Harem and the slaves, lacking wardrobes, are obliged to keep them in their *sarats*, "trunks," or *youks*, "cupboards in the walls," or else hang them up suspended on lines across the

rooms; like a laundress drying her linen in the laundry when the weather will not admit of its being hung out in the open air. Silk coverlets are, however, thrown over them.

At six o'clock they partake of their supper, which consists of the same courses, with the addition of crude vegetables, which they eat like beasts of the field, and it is served up in the same manner as the breakfast.

Then their Highnesses sometimes took a promenade in the small garden which separates the Grand Pacha's apartments from the harem; after which coffee, poured into *findjans* placed in *zarfs* studded with diamonds and other precious stones, cigarettes, and *tchibouks*, "pipes," were served them.

At half-past seven the Princesses amused themselves by playing at dominoes, and passed the remainder of the evening in having tales related to them, which often comprise incidents which had transpired in the harems of the late Viceroys and their widows or daughters, by the ladies of the harem, who generally select the most lascivious about women and their immoralities. Listening to these stories may be seen the

then demure and solemn-looking slaves, sitting, or more properly speaking, squatting, down in the form of a crescent, during which they are constantly sipping *zarfs* of pure Mocha coffee, of which they drink no less than twenty-four daily (but then it must be borne in mind that the *finljans* are not larger than an egg-cup); munching away at *bonbons*, fruit, and most luscious sweetmeats, and smoking cigarettes.

Almost every slave has her daily occupation assigned her, for each Princess employs one in arranging the cigarette papers, another in preparing the tobacco, a third in making the cigarettes, a fourth hands them on a silver tray, and a fifth attends with the light, which consists of a piece of live charcoal held between a pair of silver tongs.

At ten o'clock they retire to rest; but I have known them to remain as late as eleven, when the Princess Epouse would, at my request, make some of the Ethiopian slaves sing their own melodies. To use a vulgar expression, the London itinerant Ethiopian Serenaders are *fools* to them; their gesticulations were so comic and original, that none but the writer of a

comedy, with the pencil of Hogarth, could possibly have daguerreotyped them, and they would have afforded Mrs. Howard Paul a most excellent subject for imitation.

One Tuesday, as I was passing through the Stone Hall on the basement-floor of the Grand Pacha Ibrahim's apartments, I was surprised by the appearance of that apartment, which served as servants' hall, the governess's dining-room, and dormitory of the black slaves—who are all huddled indiscriminately together as in an hospital-ward. It presented a scene which beggars all description; for there they lay upon mattresses on the marble floor, with a large silver-plated lantern standing in the middle, in which burnt a thick wax taper. For the Viceroy does not allow what us Europeans term *plate* to be used in his Viceregal "Mansion of Bliss," at least I never saw anything of the kind except the salvers which are used for the service of their Highnesses the three wives. There they pass half the night in smoking cigarettes, and chattering away like magpies, and telling stories to each other; some talking Arabic, others Turkish, and by far the greater portion their

own vernacular, especially the Greeks, Circassians, Nubians, Abyssinians, and Ethiopians. It is a perfect "confusion of tongues," and it would puzzle the most learned European polyglot to interpret their conversation. The echo of their gabbling has often, night after night, thrown me into a nervous fever.

Well, on the day in question, that most useful apartment was converted into the Viceregal laundry, in which I stopped a considerable period looking at the German laundrymaid and her half-dozen slave-assistants ironing.

On the floor a square piece of matting was laid down, and a large piece of calico as big as two ordinary sheets was placed over it. Kneeling down on it were eight slaves with two rolling-pins, similar in length and thickness, not an inch larger than those used by cooks for making pastry. After having first damped the pieces of washing, they folded them, then rolled them tight round one of the rolling pins, which they laid down upon the sheet, and with the other rolling-pin in their hands, they kept rolling the end of it. For they held it straight up in their hands like a stick against the other one round

which they twisted the linen. This process, which they called mangling, being finished, the German maid began ironing the Viceroy's and the Grand Pacha's body-linen.

At eleven o'clock the Lady Paramount (the first wife), under whose superintendence the whole of the household arrangements were carried on, entered the laundry. She smiled at seeing me and the Grand Pacha watching the slaves at their work.

She was both shoeless and stockingless; but her feet were incased in a pair of polished wooden clogs, standing as it were upon two wooden bridges, like the strings of a fiddle. The parts on which she rested her feet were lined with red velvet, the ties were of the same material, and the clogs were studded all round with silver-headed nails.

Her hair, hanging loosely about, was tucked under the handkerchief bound round her head; and the sleeves of her dirty cotton wrapper were turned up to the shoulders, and there tied.

And thus behold Her Highness, the first wife of Ismael Pacha, the richest prince in the universe, save His Imperial Majesty the

Emperor of All the Russias, in her domestic circle.

Here Her Highness remained all the livelong day every Tuesday, merely leaving the laundry to partake of her meals and to indulge in a short *siesta*.

Not a slave is allowed to utter a syllable. Her Highness enforces the silent system most admirably.

On that same afternoon, while I was passing through the hall on my return from our ramble in the Pavilion gardens, I had just time to preserve the life of my Prince. It appears a slave had been very refractory, and would not refrain from chattering. So, making no more fuss about it, the Prince took up a shovel full of burning charcoal, and flung it into the poor creature's face, which almost killed her, several pieces of it falling upon the Prince's coat and setting him in a blaze. Fortunately, I had presence of mind to seize hold of a flannel petticoat, which was hanging over one of the washing-tubs or troughs, and, wrapping it round His Highness, I extinguished the flames, with no other damage than the burning of his uniform in

several places. Had it not been a very sultry day, or had the evening breeze set in from the Nile, the Grand Pacha would have fallen a victim to the silent system.

The Lady Paramount often scolded the German maid because she did not act in the same barbarous manner; but I am glad to bear record that that "bore of a peasant" as she was, still possessed a little more of the milk of human kindness than did her Viceregal mistress.

None of the other Princesses ever entered the laundry, or superintended the *repasseuses*. Each of the young Princesses, the Viceroy's daughters by his wives (for there are no less than twelve of the children in the Harem who justly claim Ismael Pacha as their *baba*, and who have themselves openly told me so), with the assistance of their slaves, get up their own linen in their apartments, where a rug is laid down on the floor, over which is placed a sheet. There they squat down on the carpet, and both mangle, in the manner I have previously described, and iron their own linen, following the maternal example set them.

The irons used are very large, made in the shape of an English box-iron, with a spout at the back of the handle, in which live charcoal is placed, which has this advantage, that they are kept hot a very much longer time than in the European constructed box-irons.

Whatever may be said about religious toleration in Egypt, certain it is that, while the inmates of the harem always observed their religious rites, so as to abstain from work on Friday (their Sabbath), yet, when first I entered therein, I was not permitted to enjoy rest on my Sabbath.

CHAPTER XIV.

I HAD to battle for the privilege to attend Divine worship; as, being ignorant of the Turkish habits, no stipulation had been inserted in my contract that I should not labour on my Sabbath-day (which Europeans now take the precaution to have done); but I eventually gained it. Their Highnesses never thought that "the unbeliever of Hawajee" would require this; since, according to the doctrine of their creed, I had no Paradise assigned to me in heaven. But yet, woman like, their curiosity was excited to learn how I prayed; and what my Bible (Koran, as they termed it) was like. When I performed my devotions before them, and read aloud the Holy Scriptures, upon me was fixed many a sly eye, but on the whole they behaved most decorously;

not a smile, not a syllable was uttered. But when I had finished, a whole chorus of voices exclaimed, "*Quiyis ! quiyis !*" (Pretty ! pretty !) "*Guzel ! guzel !*" (Beautiful ! beautiful !) They seemed surprised that I did not use any *tusbee* (rosary) like themselves and the Romanists.

When in Cairo, they had often passed all the European places of worship, and a most singular idea haunted their imagination. They insisted that, unlike their own "call" to Evening prayer, the bells, the hated Giaours' call to prayer, was the summons of the *Shaytan* (devil).

At first I was quite at a loss to interpret the meaning of their conversation ; gradually, however, I began to understand them, but still the expression *Shaytan* perplexed me, especially as that was the patronymic of the Prince's head-nurse.

Her Highness the Princess Epouse, perceiving my embarrassment, sent Anina, the superintendent of the slaves, into my chamber, who quickly returned, bringing with her my little silver hand-bell, which I had brought out from Europe with me, and which stood upon one of

my trunks, which I had converted into a table, since it was not until the eve of my departure for Constantinople that I was supplied with that necessary appendage. Then about fifty slaves shouted forth *Shaytan! Shaytan! Batal! Batal!* "The Devil! The Devil! Bad! Bad!—that is our abomination." I was absolutely astonished at the energetic manner in which they shouted out, and the demoniacal gestures they made; but maintaining my usual equanimity I calmly and coolly replied, that we Europeans always summon our domestics by ringing a bell, just as Orientals call their slaves by clapping their hands.

It is almost impossible to imagine the celerity with which their Highnesses the Princesses, the whole of the ladies of the Harem, and the slaves, even down to the lowest scullery-girl, effect their transformation from slatterns to "Peris of the East," the instant that substitutes for the wires of the electric telegraph in the Harem announce the approach of Ismael Pacha. It seemed like a pantomimic feat; as if harlequin with his magic wand had touched them all with his galvanic battery, for in the twin-

klings of an eye their dirty, soiled, and crumpled muslins, their Monmouth Street and Petticoat Lane finery was exchanged for gorgeous silks and glittering diamonds. The transformation was not effected like that of harlequin, columbine, pantaloon, and clown, by a total change of garments, but by placing them over their habiliments.

The scene was acted most inimitably; it would have been an excellent study for Hogarth, one to which his pencil would have done ample justice; and the clever inventor of that chair-trick, so admirably placed on the stage of the Princess's Theatre during Charles Kean's able management, would have represented it capitally in a pantomime.

I had the pleasure one evening of witnessing such a scene, on the occasion of the Viceroy having informed his wives of his intention to pay them a visit. Of this, according to Turkish etiquette, he was obliged to give them timely notice, lest any of their female acquaintances should happen to be in the Harem, or visitors expected, as no Turk ever enters his own

"Abode of Bliss," if his wives have visitors with them.

It has always been asserted that no Turk has entered the Harem of his brother Mussulman, but I know an instance of an exception to that rule. On my return to Alexandria, previous to leaving for Constantinople, I was located in the Harem facing His Highness's Palace of Ras-el-Tin, where I found great difficulty in persuading any of the young slaves to go about when it became dusk. They assured me that there were *früz*, "spirits," in that Harem, and, as an instance, related to me that at the time His Majesty the present Sultan visited Egypt after his accession to the Throne, one evening, when the Viceroy was in the Harem with his three wives around him, a Ferindjee, for it was His Majesty the Sultan, dressed in European costume! was seen sitting by his side. All the inmates of the Harem were astonished, yet none dare say a word. The appearance of that *ghost*, as the little slaves, His Highness's daughters by his concubines, called His Majesty the Sultan (for it could be no other personage),

so frightened them that they have never forgotten the circumstance, and in all probability never will ; and the sudden disappearance of a pretty slave soon afterwards left no doubt but that she was spirited away to Constantinople. The Sultan intended to do them the honour of partaking of their hospitality, *yelept* to dine, in the Harem, an event of some moment, as such occurrences were, previous to my arrival, " Like angels' visits, few and far between."

On this, as on all occasions when their Highnesses had to dress to receive visitors, or on any particular festivals, such as the Bairam, (when they were attired in magnificent courtly costumes, and wore jewels that would have been the ransom of an Empress), they asked my opinion of their costume, the manner in which they had adorned themselves with those priceless jewelled " gems of art," which they never wore except on such occasions, and when the "*Baba*" came to visit them, the ladies of the Harem and slaves, as on this evening.

They are well trained in the art of hoarding, for they are extremely careful of their wardrobes, and those I have already described as

shuffling about on ordinary occasions in such crumpled gaudy-coloured finery (as we are accustomed in England to see strolling actresses bedizen themselves at the theatres at country fairs), make themselves beautiful with cosmetics, the use of which they understand quite as well as any Madame Rachael of London celebrity. They wore the most costly silks, richest satins, and softest velvets; adorned themselves with the treasures of their jewel-caskets, so that their persons were one blaze of precious stones. That crescent of females (for they always ranged themselves in the form of the Turkish symbol) was then a parterre of diamonds, amethysts, topazes, turquoises, chrysoberyls, sapphires, jaspers, opals, agates, emeralds, corals, rich carbuncles, and rubies.

In short, the profusion of diamonds with which the latter adorned their persons from day to day, became so sickening to me, that my eyes were weary at the sight of those magnificent baubles, to which all women are so passionately attached.

It seemed to me quite a monstrosity, an absolute sin, that such immense wealth should

be expended on those brilliant gewgaws, merely to sparkle on the tawny and ebony skins of slaves, many of whom were repulsive in their looks; and whose habits, manners, customs, and appearance in general, were totally repugnant to European feelings.

It was bad enough in all conscience to behold the white *oustas*, "slaves," bedecked with gems of almost priceless value, many of whose *sarats*, "trunks," contained *parures* far more valuable than most of the elegant gems of art which ornament the jewel-cases of the noblest and wealthiest of the lovely beauties of the European Courts; but to know that upwards of from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* was annually expended by the billionaire of the world, who much of his surplus wealth

" For Cupid's sake he gave away,
For bags of gold came to the Harem every day,"

in jewels for distribution among such a motley group was indeed monstrous.

As all gallant knights were excluded from the precincts of this Castle of Indolence, such a lavish profusion of wealth I could not unriddle,

except that they were offered up as sacrifices on the altar of that immaculate sovereign ruler Prince Baksheesh. I could perfectly well understand the pleasure which Ismael Pacha felt in expending vast sums in the purchase of those valuables which the collectors of precious stones, the wealthy diamond merchants of Constantinople, and the expert divers for pearls had procured ; because, at his death, those priceless " gems of art," into which the genius of man had converted those valuable stones (small caskets filled with them being treasured up by almost every member, both young and old, of the Viceregal family), constitute the sole private fortune of their possessors, except the quantity of *paras*, as they term the packets of napoleons, Turkish, Egyptian, or English sovereigns. The latter of these they prefer, for the best of all reasons, because they are the *weightiest*. And I can understand why His Highness displays such liberality to his consorts, for no one knows better than the Viceroy Ismael Pacha how the families of defunct rulers of Egypt have been despoiled both of their personal property and hereditary

possessions. But I never could see why such valuables were presented to the slaves of all denominations.

I will now describe the Viceregal dinner-party. The courses were the same as those partaken of by their Highnesses when alone, with the addition of a roast turkey, soup extremely rich, *entremets*, and some pastry. It was laid out in the Viceroy's private sitting-room in the "Abode of Bliss," which was similarly decorated and furnished as that in the pavilion. In the centre stood a moderately-sized dining-table, which was covered with a tablecloth, the first and only time that I ever saw such appendage used in the Harem. White slaves, dressed *en grande toilette*, brought the dishes up on large silver trays, placed them upon the floor, then handed them to their Highnesses the Princesses according to their rank. The Lady Paramount taking precedence set the first dish upon the table; all of them stood in attendance upon Ismael Pacha, while I and the Grand Pacha sat upon a divan playing at dominoes.

After the Viceroy had finished his repast, to

which he appeared to do ample justice, being a *bon vivant*, the Princesses set themselves down upon cushions which had been placed upon the carpet, and partook of their dinner separately off *soofras*. Ismael Pacha then amused himself by smoking cheroots and playing at dominoes with whichever of his wives he took it into his head to select; coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet being handed round, as is customary, the Grand Pacha and I salaamed the Viceroy, and I retired.

A few days afterwards the little Prince having complained of a violent headache, I informed Her Highness that it would be advisable to send for the hairdresser to cut his hair.

"*Malesch! Malesch!* Madam," replied the Princess, "you can easily do it yourself."

Following her instructions I cut the Prince's hair, every single atom of which was most carefully picked up off the ground, placed in a large sheet of white paper with a quantity of white pebbles, and cast from a window into the Nile, where an Arab, standing up in a boat knocked it three times under the water, ex-

claiming each time, *Bismillah! Bismillah!* "In the name of the merciful God! In the name of the merciful God!" If it floats, which it did not, owing to the stones tied up in the paper, which had also been well saturated in water, *evil* is prognosticated to the boy; if it sinks (which as a matter of course it did), then it is looked upon as a good omen.

It was often quite ludicrous to behold their Highnesses the Princesses, who could neither read nor write, the Ladies of the Harem, and slaves, as they came shuffling into my small room, and which was frequently crammed full of them, to ask my opinion of nearly everything they received.

If the Princesses had opened any boxes of new dress-pieces they had had brought up into the Audience-hall, they handed them to me, at the same time appealing to my taste to decide whether they were *quiyis*, "pretty," or *batal*, "ugly," and my verdict was final. The instant that any of the slaves received presents from their Highnesses, they came and showed them to me, almost stunning me with the same interrogatories. If, as frequently happened, I

examined the dress-pieces and found them damaged (for many of the boxes contained the last year's fashions), some of the pieces soiled, and others deficient in quantity (for having been purchased in that condition they had been obtained at cheap rates), I condemned them, when the recipients returned them to the Princesses, who bestowed others upon them.

In short, the whole of the inmates of the Harem soon began thoroughly to appreciate my European ways and habits in many respects. If they were taken ill they consulted me, followed my remedies, and did their best, poor ignorant, deluded, and neglected creatures, to abandon any habits which I explained to them were repugnant to delicacy, especially when I told them that such were not *à la Franca*, "European." They had all become so attached to me before I left for Constantinople that, from their Highnesses the Princesses down to the very *Mihtur*, "sweeper," all treated me with the greatest kindness, attention, and respect, which enabled me to gain that insight into their sayings and doings, without which it would have been utterly impossible for me to remain within

the walls of the Harem. But perhaps, kind reader, you will say,

“ How hast thou so profound a lore attained ? ”

My reply is, that I was never ashamed to ask ; and then, amidst all my discomfiture, I took care to dot down every occurrence in my Journal. I adopted the precaution to abstain from appearing to take the least notice of their singular habits, and, to me, outlandish customs. I was careful never to incur their jealousy. I showed all their Highnesses the same attention, made them presents of the same things, abstained from passing the slightest remark upon anything I heard or saw—unless the Princesses, ladies of the Harem, slaves, or eunuchs, which not unfrequently happened, drew my attention to any particular object—then, when asked, but not otherwise, I candidly gave them my opinion, at which they never seemed offended.

Thus I gained their respect, esteem, confidence, and, what was everything to a person in my critical position, their protection ; and in this way I gained my object ; consequently I became no stranger to them, and the terms of familiarity

in which I stood with them afforded me the opportunity of seeing the *Odalisques* as no European lady has ever done or is ever likely to do again, what we emphatically call—"At home."

As to the ladies of the Harem and the slaves, I kept them at a most respectful distance, not daring to allow them any approach to freedom : no, not even so much as we English people permit our domestics. Neglect or want of respect was never tolerated for a moment. I invariably maintained the greatest reserve, remembering the Oriental proverb which I had read in Alger's 'Poetry of the East':—

"Do thou thy precious secrets to no other lend :

Thy friend another has : beware of thy friend's friend,"

and by so doing I acted judiciously ; for well did I know that the Greeks and Germans in the Harem were the emissaries of parties who were then doing their utmost to surround the Viceroy with creatures of their own. Of course this was done from private as well as political motives, for when did Prussians ever lose the opportunity of supplanting English influence ?

It was not long before I had the opportunity of witnessing the *First Wife* at her

orisons. Just at that moment of sunset I and the Prince entered Her Highness's chamber. She was engaged spreading a very large handsome Persian carpet, or, more properly speaking rug, in the centre of the room. Then she knelt down, turned her face towards Mecca, and repeated her *Namaz*, "prayers." On her head she wore a long white muslin scarf; in her hand she held a string of large gold beads, here and there interspersed with several diamond ones, which precious ones count as two, and which she counted like a monk telling off his rosary, exclaiming all the while, "Allah! Allah! Illah-as-la-Illah il Allah!" "There is no deity but God," but being a Princess she never performed the *Soudlond*, the bowing of the head on the ground.

The Grand Pacha, whose powers of imitation are wonderfully acute, frequently interrupted Her Highness, who, smiling good-humouredly at him, threatened to box his ears; at which the little Prince only laughed, and kept kneeling on the rug, bowing his head to the floor in genuine Moslem style.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I could refrain from being guilty of a breach of decorous

propriety. Fortunately, however, the Princess did not remain long at her *Namaz*. After she had finished she folded up her rug, and placing the scarf and beads in it, put them into a *sarat*. Then a slave handed her a superbly ornamented *tchibouk*. The mouthpiece was of clear, transparent amber, and the rosewood stem was thickly encrusted with precious stones of great value. It must have been worth from 1,000*l.* to 1,500*l.* The bowl was filled with golden leaf tobacco, and a small piece of some narcotic, the name of which I never learnt, of a bright rose-pink colour, was placed in it, which Her Highness continued to smoke with considerable zest.

A short time previous to our departure for Alexandria, at the commencement of the hot season, one of His Highness's daughters, who resided with the Valide Princess, his mother, the widow of the gallant Ibrahim Pacha, died; and owing to her demise the whole of the Viceregal family shut themselves up in their own private apartments for three days. During this period they received no visitors, and would not allow even their own children nor any of the slaves to approach them. Their meals were

placed at the doors of their rooms, of which they hastily partook, and then retired into their solitude.

The divans were covered with lavender-coloured satin, fringed with a deep border of silver lace, the cushions of which had black gauze handkerchiefs, bespangled and fringed with silver lace thrown over them. On their heads they wore black handkerchiefs. Their persons were attired in lavender satin quilted jackets, and white linen dresses.

When the sad intelligence of the young Princess's death reached their Highnesses the Princesses, the three wives, together with the whole of their establishments, squatted themselves down upon the floor, and absolutely set to howling like wild beasts.

At first I thought they had all gone demented. The Grand Pacha, who was almost frightened out of his senses by the uproar, in his haste to see what was the matter, tripped up against one of the little female slaves belonging to his staff. This slave I subsequently learnt was also one of the *daughters* of the Viceroy, who has no less than fourteen children, four of

whom are sons, the eldest being about twelve years old. These children reside at another place, under the care of a French tutor, but *my* Prince was the only legitimate one. The Prince fell sprawling on the carpet. A glass of water was immediately brought in by the head-nurse, who sprinkling some over his face exclaimed, "*Bismallah ! Bismallah !*" ("in the name of the most merciful God!") and then threw the contents of the glass upon the spot where His Highness had fallen.

Singular to add, the Viceroy, whose presence in the Harem had not, contrary to Turkish etiquette, been announced, entered the audience-hall, and, looking round at the little Prince, burst out into a hearty laugh at the child's discomfiture and my endeavours to pacify him ; but seemed highly amused at the solemn manner in which Shaytan performed her superstitious observance.

CHAPTER XV.

I HAVE already given an instance that Ismael Pacha is a Prince who acts upon the spur of the moment, and does not adhere to the rigidity of Turkish etiquette, as he very often entered the Harem without giving any notice of his approach.

One day, after I had returned from my morning walk with the Grand Pacha, I inquired of the Princess Epouse where I could find the Lady Paramount. Upon being told that Her Highness was in the bath-room, the atmosphere of which was almost suffocating, I proceeded thither, knocked at the door, and entered, but almost as quickly drew back ; not until, however, I had perceived the Viceroy, seated on a divan, dressed in his *pyjamas*, "drawers."

He was attended by a complete bevy of women; for, like the Sultan, females always assist at his toilette when he visits the Harem. Her Highness, the first wife, and several of his *ikbals*, "favourite slaves," were acting as his valets: they also put on his shoes or boots, stockings, fan away the mosquitoes, and watch him as he slumbers, for no others can attend upon him. Of them he may have as many as he likes; but were he to take a fancy to any of the slaves belonging to either of his wives, even though

"Her eyes were sapphires set in snow,"

the Princesses could obtain a divorce, and marry again. For among the Ottomans, the prince as well as the peasant is amenable in this respect to the laws laid down in the Koran, in which the injunction respecting a plurality of wives runs thus: "You may, if you like, marry two, three, and even four women." And that favourite's life would not be worth an hour's purchase. This has lately been clearly shown by the fact, that a princess, one of the near relatives of His Majesty the Sultan, having suspected—

may, discovered—that her husband had had an intrigue with one of her slaves, had the unfortunate creature's head cut off by her Grand Eunuch, placed it upon a dish, covered it over with a cloth of gold, and served it up to him.

As she was of royal blood, her husband was in point of rank her slave, so that Her Highness did not wait upon him at his meals.

As soon as he sat down at the *soofra*, he drank off a cup of sherbet, as was his custom, which had been poisoned; and when the dish was uncovered, he stared wildly at the gory head, and dropped down dead. Nothing was done to Her Highness the Princess; and I can affirm that any Turkish woman would have recourse that expedient, upon receiving the same amount of provocation. It is dangerous, as the Proverb says, “to play with edged tools,” but doubly so within the mysterious walls of a Viceregal Harem.

Well, to continue my description of His Highness in his bath-room, all I saw was, that the Lady Paramount and several *Ikbals* were drying his Viceregal person with bath towels. His Highness smiled, exclaimed “*Approchez,*

approchez, madame." But I let go the Grand Pacha's hand, who advanced towards his august parent, then curtseyed, and retired.

That same day, when the Grand Pacha returned from the bath-room, the head-nurse, according to her habitual custom, took him into his apartment to change his uniform; upon which occasion she rifled his pockets and reaped a golden harvest, as the Viceroy had emptied several purses of small gold Egyptian coins into his pockets, telling him that there was plenty of baksheesh for him to give his governess.

I should have taken no notice of this circumstance, and, in fact, have known nothing about it, had not Shaytan asked me to give her my tin cash-box, which was a moderate-sized one, such as is generally used by ladies when residing on the Continent.

I was rather astonished at her presumption in making such a demand. However, being anxious to learn what had caused her to make that request, I asked her what she wanted it for. Leading me into her room, she opened her *sarat*, "trunk," and, guess my surprise, when she took out an English workbox, all the

compartments of which had been removed, and I saw that it was as full as ever it could hold of napoleons, half-napoleons, gold five-franc pieces, Turkish, Egyptian, and English sovereigns; in short, she had the greatest difficulty in lifting it out of the trunk. It was fastened or bound with thin cord, was very heavy, and must have contained several hundred pounds; in short it was so full that it could contain no more. All was packed in rolls closely together.

Then she showed me several hundreds of the smallest gold Egyptian coins which have ever been put in circulation. They were about the size of an ordinary gold pencil-case seal, and as thin as a wafer cut into two slices. As they were all new, I inquired of her by what means she became possessed of them; and then I learned the trick she had played me. Taking no notice, for *baksheesh* had always been her perquisite prior to my arrival in the Harem, I declined to give her my cash-box, which I could not conveniently spare, but handed her a tin tooth-powder box out of my dressing-case, into which she placed her purloinings, and salaamed me for the gift.

This circumstance naturally led me to inquire what became of the slaves' hoards after their decease; and I was told (but I can scarcely believe it) that it was expended in what they term giving them "a grand funeral;" that is, in paying for torches and hiring a vast concourse of professional mourners, as is customary in Egypt, to cry most bitterly over the body at the interment. But I should rather think that the bulk of their savings found its way into the coffers of the Kishlar Ayaci's iron chest, as he has to superintend their obsequies.

Scarcely had this little incident occurred than the Grand Eunuch entered the apartment, and informed me that I was to accompany the Grand Pacha on board the *Ibis* yacht, as the Viceroy had placed that steamer at the disposal of the Princesses to convey them on an excursion up the Nile.

Hurrying on my hat and cloak, I took the Grand Pacha down to the landing-place, where we all embarked in barges, and were quickly rowed to the yacht whose steam was up. There I found their Highnesses assembled on the deck,

under the spacious awning, squatting on the divans, smoking cigarettes, and looking the very picture of delight at the idea of enjoying a picnic on the bosom of the far-famed Nile.

Soon I found that it was to be a general treat; for, on looking round, I found that the whole of the inmates of the "Abode of Bliss," ladies of the Harem, and slaves, even to the meanest, were on board. Their meals were prepared for them, just as if they had been in their gilded cage. There they smoked, sipped their coffee, enjoyed their *kef*, and appeared to pass their time most agreeably. And I should have enjoyed the trip myself, had I not been frightened at the manner in which the captain of the steamer (a Turkish officer, who spoke English very well) gratified the singular whim of my Prince, the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, who on this occasion, as on several others I have already mentioned, evinced an innate cruelty of disposition which appears to characterize the descendants of the renowned Mehemet Ali. Still, I cannot but think that he might have been taught to be merciful, had not bad example been set him.

I remember, when first taking charge of him, that I had great difficulty to make him mind me when checking any of his bad propensities. One day, when Her Highness, his mother was sitting on the divan, and he would not obey me in something, she took hold of his hand, and then taking a diamond pin out of her hair, she pricked him gently with it, at the same time explaining to me that that was the manner in which I was to punish. I looked at her, said not a word, but nodded my head. Thus the Prince himself was taught to be cruel to others, which may in some degree, account for that characteristic in him.

I never did correct His Highness in that manner, but one day, when I requested him to discontinue a very bad habit he had of forcing, as it were, his fingers up his nose, which caused it to swell, and which would, if persisted in, have made his nasal organ unseemingly wide, he rose up from the cushion upon which he was seated, stood quite upright, as if he had been on drill, and drawing his figure to its full height, he stamped his little foot upon the floor, exclaiming, "*Grand Pacha, madame! Grand Pacha, madame!*" as much as to tell me that he was

the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, and that I was not to order him to do anything that he disliked.

I desired him to do as I bid him, but to no purpose. Knowing that it was necessary that the Prince should learn to obey me, I bethought me of the Princess's instructions; so I walked up to him, took hold of his tiny hand—not, kind reader, with the slightest intention of hurting him—then took a hair-pin out of my hair, placed the points on it, and the Prince withdrew it, at the same time exclaiming, "*Evvét, madame! Evvét, madame!*" "Yes, madame! Yes, madame!" and that was the first and last time that I ever tried the Princess's mode of punishment, for it produced a lasting impression on the Grand Pacha's mind; and yet His Highness was not angry with me. But I knew, as a positive fact, that Shaytan the head-nurse, used to pinch him until His Highness shrieked again with pain; and I did all in my power to prevent her from acting in that cruel way, and had, prior to my departure, put a stop to it altogether.

The young Prince, who had often witnessed

from the windows of his apartments some of the sailors belonging to the Viceroy's yacht, the *Crocodile*, plunge into the Nile, and whose agility in swimming had afforded him much amusement, happened, as he stood on the poop-deck, to perceive several crocodiles basking in the sun on the low banks which shelved down to the river: he ran up to the captain, and told him to order a young slave, who was passing by at that moment, to be thrown into the river.

I did all in my power to prevent this order from being carried out; but as His Highness put himself into a passion, and the Captain assured me that the slave could swim, to use his own expression, "like a water-fowl," I let him act upon his own responsibility.

Two sailors then laid hold of the lad, and plunged him into the Nile, not on the side however, on which the formidable crocodiles were enjoying themselves; and I had the heartfelt satisfaction to see the slave swim to the boat which was hanging to the rope at the stern.

The Prince laughed heartily at the lad's

aguteness in getting into the boat, and again ordered him to be cast into the river, which was done, but the boat was sent adrift. The cunning slave swam to it, jumped into it, and was soon alongside the yacht, which had just heaved-to in order to return off the Harem stairs.

I gave the lad a handful of *paras* as *bakshesh*, who salaamed me and went away to join his companions, quite delighted with his prize. Poor fellow! had it not been for the humanity of the captain, he would have been swallowed up by the crocodiles; for had he been flung on their side of the stream, nothing could possibly have saved him.

The sad monotony of my daily life was often relieved by the pastimes of the Grand Pacha, a merry little boy, who, had he been left alone with me away from all the disgusting manners of the ladies of the Harem and the slaves, might have been "made a man of," and even a gentleman, like his illustrious parent, whose manners are courtly and amiable.

I had been interdicted from affording him

any instruction through the medium of books, except so far as to teach him the alphabet, which I did by means of an illustrated primer and a box of toys. I therefore took a lively interest in his games and amusements. I found that he possessed most excellent abilities, dull and heavy-looking boy as he appeared to be ; nevertheless the prominent features of his disposition were three of the worst vices that a child could possibly demonstrate, namely, cruelty, avarice, and greediness.

He had been accustomed, as soon as he could talk and toddle about, to have his pockets filled with *paras*, "silver coins," by the Viceroy, which, as I have previously related, were purloined by the head-nurse, who doled out *miles* of them, as it were, to the under-nurses ; hence the manner in which she had accumulated her treasure. That practice being constantly before the Prince's eyes, it had engendered in him the vice of avarice, which a distinguished author has most accurately described as "begetting more vices than Priam did children, and which, like Priam, survives them all."

It is a passion full of paradox; a madness full of method. Its votary falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He kept constantly urging me to play at banking with him. One day we were both seated on cushions upon the carpet in the Audience Hall, and after he had finished cutting up (for he was particularly fond of handling a pair of scissors) some cardboard into a number of middling-sized and small circular pieces, he piled them up in parcels of twenty, as if they had been sovereigns, then placed them in rows upon a cushion which was opposite to him; beside them were several empty packets. Then squatting himself down in imitation of the Arab money-changers, who are to be found at almost every corner of the streets in the Egyptian towns and large villages, he began to personate the character of a banker, or, more properly speaking, the money-changer.

The peculiar manner in which he so imitatively set, as it were, his features to represent those of the stolid, calculating "dealer

in rupees," as the Indian ruler so emphatically designates a banker, was a fine piece of acting.

I sat down facing him, as he had removed his "stock in trade" to his right-hand side. He then gave me several packets of the cardboard pieces he had cut, at the same time telling me that I was to count them as English sovereigns. I then stood up before him and asked for change.

As soon as I had done so he looked at the counter I had handed him, poised it in his tiny hand to see that it was full weight, turned it over and over again, to examine whether it were cut or cracked, said not a syllable, placed it on the cushion beside him, and began counting the *paras*, as he termed the change, in English, for he had soon acquired a knowledge of the numbers in my vernacular, and then handed a number of small cardboard counters to me, by simply placing them in piles upon the cushion before him.

I took them out and counted them, but I found that he had not given me the proper change, even after having deducted a few *paras*

for the exchange. I looked at him full in the face. His countenance still retained its rigidity of expression—not a smile, not a muscle had he moved; he looked the very impersonification of a usurer; his close resemblance at that moment to the portrait of his grandfather, which hangs in the palace at Ras-el-Tin at Alexandria, was very striking. There sat the prototype of that Viceregal usurer who so thoroughly understood the art of making money to yield its best value, a gift which has descended to his descendants.

I remonstrated with him, and told him that he had charged me too much for the exchange. His Highness wishing to gain as much as he could, and having no desire to part with the *paras* now that he had once fingered them, held rather a long argument with me, for a Turk seldom talks much, as to the scarcity of change. When he found that I was not satisfied with his explanation, he demurely stroked his chin, as if it were his beard, and left me to walk away and put up with my loss. The Grand Pacha Ibrahim laughed most heartily, and chuckled

within himself to think how cleverly he had mulcted me of a few *paras*.

"Now then, Madame," said His Highness, as he rose up off his cushion, at the same time taking due care to remove close to him that which contained his treasure, "You must take my seat, and act the money-changer."

According to his instructions I repaired to the seat he had vacated, at the same time placing my cushion with the counters by my side. As soon as I had arranged myself, the Prince, who had cunningly clipped the corners off several of the counters, probably with the intention of placing them among those that he had given to me at first, handed me one of those pieces. I examined it, pointed out to His Highness that it had been cut, and therefore was deficient in weight, and refused to change it, except at a considerable reduction; but he would not agree to that arrangement. Then he put himself into a most towering passion, threw himself upon the floor, screamed out most hideously, and brought the whole staff of the establishment, princesses, ladies of the

Harem, slaves and eunuchs, into the apartment, to see what was the matter with the Grand Pacha; for at the very sound of his voice the whole of the establishment was always on the alarm.

The head-nurse took him up, and began performing her superstitious observances, by sprinkling water on the floor, as a slave had attended her with a silver basinful, naturally thinking that His Highness had met with some accident.

When the matter was explained to the Princess Epouse, she laughed most heartily, and exclaimed, "*Malesh ! Malesh !*" and retired from the apartment, accompanied by the whole retinue.

The Viceroy, Ismael Pacha, happening to be in an adjoining apartment, entered the room a few minutes after I had managed to pacify the little torment, who had set himself down, and was once again quietly playing with me at the same pastime. I was not aware of His Highness's presence; but as I sat counting out some *paras* on a cushion on the floor, I suddenly felt the breath of some person fan,

as it were, my cheek. Thinking that it was Shaytan, I raised up my hand, with the intention of boxing her ears, as I thought that, according to her custom, she had slipped into the apartment unperceived, and was watching us at play.

Suddenly, however, I saw the Grand Pacha smile, and, turning round, I perceived the Viceroy, bending, as it were, over my shoulder. I sprung to my feet, blushed, curtsied to His Highness, who smiled, and playfully exclaimed, "Pray, Madame, as I am a poor man,"—and the marked emphasis with which the billionaire of the world uttered that expression was so peculiar that I shall never forget it (for the tone of voice was that of a professional money-lender),—"allow me to take possession of your stock-in-trade." Saying which, His Highness seated himself on the cushion I had just vacated, and began to play with his darling son.

After having amused himself for some time, His Highness rose up, approached me, for I was standing at one of the windows looking out into the garden, and thanked me for the judicious manner in which I had managed to amuse

his refractory heir, and then left the apartment.

I had flattered myself that when he rose up from the banking department, the Viceroy would have left some packets of golden *paras* on the cushion. None, however, were deposited there; for, like his son, he was reported, and I believe the fact, to be fond of accumulating treasure as a means to happiness, and, by a common but morbid association, he continued to accumulate it as an end. This attachment to wealth must always be a growing and progressing attachment, since misers and usurers are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from their bodies and their minds serve only to augment and consolidate the strength of their purse.

Sometimes His Highness the Prince would order all his young slaves to come into his apartment, when he would make them go through the whole military exercise (many of whom were girls, and his half-sisters too) just as efficiently as if they were battalions of infantry. He gave the words of command in a most clear

and distinct voice, and made them go through their manœuvres as admirably as if he had been a drill-sergeant. If any one of them did not stand up or march properly, he immediately ordered the eunuch who was in attendance upon him to give the refractory private several strokes of the *courbache* (a whip made of buffalo-hide); and if the offender repeated the offence, he ordered him treble punishment, which was immediately inflicted.

Thus, while the Prince displayed a strong passion for military glory, like his renowned ancestor, Mehemet Ali, he also demonstrated his possession of that vice, cruelty, which had so often sullied the fair name, not only of the regenerator of Egypt, but which had also tarnished the renown of his courageous grandsire, Ibrahim Pacha; both of whom were neither more nor less than most remorseless tyrants.

At other times, the Prince would make his retinue sit down on cushions on the floor, which he had arranged in rows; and then he commanded them to imitate the boatmen rowing boats on the Nile. If any one of them did not move their hands and arms in unison with the

test, he would order them to be bastinadoed upon the soles of their feet.

His powers of imitation and mimicry, as I have previously stated, were very great, and his favourite pastime consisted in imitating the Mussulmans at their prayers in the mosques. In the first place, he went himself and fetched a Persian rug from one of the rooms, which he placed on the carpet, close by the elder slaves, who were busy cutting out their dresses, &c. Sometimes, however, he would have it laid in the centre of the room ; then he took the silk coverlets off the beds out of the bed store-room, and placed them on each side of the room.

Personating the Mufti, which he did to perfection, he knelt down on the rug and made all the little slaves kneel down by his side on the coverlets. After which he began muttering some words, which I did not understand, but which the slaves repeated after him. Then he bowed his forehead down on the rug, the slaves following his example. After this he stood with his face towards Mecca, put his two little hands together, bowed his head down to the ground, and continued repeating such gestures

for upwards of fifty times, the slaves imitating him. Then he placed his thumbs behind his ears with his fingers, and extended them upwards to the ceiling, in a devotional attitude, exclaiming at different times, "Allah! Allah! Amin! Amin!" "God! God! Amen! Amen!" He then bowed his head and smoothed down his chin, in imitation of the Turk stroking his beard.

At other times His Highness would collect a number of small pieces of wood out of his toy closet, in which were stored toys of the most costly and varied description, for it is almost impossible to estimate the sums which had been expended in this manner. During my sojourn with him, upwards of 500*l.* worth arrived from Paris of the latest novelties, and I am sure upwards of 400*l.* were already in the Palace on my arrival. Yet, most oddly enough, those of the most simple kind, and which are most commonly in use among European boys, had not been provided for him. Hoops, skipping-ropes, trap bat and ball, football, and more especially a rocking horse, had been omitted; but as to drums, fifes,

whistles, and those of the noisiest, their names were legion. The majority were, however, most costly mechanical inventions. I presented him with a small pistol, with percussion caps, rather a noisy though harmless weapon, but the use of it was prohibited, lest he should hurt himself, which was impossible. All gymnastic amusements had been neglected. But in making the slaves pretend to be carpenters, he himself acting as foreman and taskmaster, an office in which, like the Egyptians of old in the time of Pharaoh and the Israelites, he was a proficient. Many a time and oft did he turn bricklayer himself, by getting flat pieces of wood, with which he made the slaves scrape the walls, while to others he gave long sticks, and, pretending to mix up mortar, he placed the pieces of paper moistened with water upon flat pieces of wood instead of hods, and made the slaves carry it to those who were engaged in erecting his temporary palace.

At other times he would enact the pilgrims going to Mecca. Then he made the little slaves take their handkerchiefs, one of which they bound over their faces, concealing the whole of

their countenances except the eyes, and spreading the other open, they placed it over their heads. Then, taking the thin coverlets, they made *habaraks* of them, in which they attired themselves. Their handkerchiefs were then converted into wallets, into which he placed paper to represent their provisions, and cardboard counters for their money. This being done, he started them off down the apartment two by two, while he himself attended one of the little Princesses, who was carried on the shoulders of some of the slaves, seated in a chair, the substitute for a palanquin (for, singular to add, none are ever used in Egypt), and then the procession moved up and down the apartment, while several of the other slaves kept beating their drums in the most discordant manner. Sometimes His Highness would imitate the *Hammals*, "porters," by making the slaves carry the cushions of the divans on their shoulders, he himself walking in front of them, holding a long and rather thick stick in his hand, at the same time hallooing out, *Hum! Hum! Allah! Allah! hout iyam*, "God be thanked for this daily

burthen," which all the slaves were obliged to repeat under penalty of receiving several knocks with his stick. Occasionally he would also personate the *Hekim Bachi*, "Viceregal doctor," and then he made one of the little slaves run before him, shouting forth, *Allah! Allah! Dustoor! Dustoor!* "God! God! Move away! Move away!" when the slaves, both young and grown up, many of whom mingled in his pastimes, covered their heads with their dresses, or with anything that they might be making up for themselves, which made him laugh most heartily.

Then he walked up and down the room, accompanied by a little slave, looked at the hands of the female slaves, some of whom were obliged to pretend that they were ill, and had bad fingers or wounded legs. Then he gave orders to his little assistant to bind up the part affected, and administered bread pills to them for medicine, but to those who were his *Ikkals*, "favourites," he gave *bonbons*, as immense baskets filled with them are monthly imported from Paris by one of His Highness's

partners there for exclusive distribution in the Harems. I repeat Harems, because his Highness the Viceroy has several others up the Nile both in Lower and Upper Egypt, besides that in which I resided with the Prince.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHILE dilating upon the admirable manner in which His Highness enacted the physician, I may as well mention that His Highness the Viceroy has a staff of medical men, chiefly Italians. When I fell ill at Cairo, His Highness Ismael Pacha sent his own physician extraordinary to visit me ; but it appeared evident to me that, from his treatment of myself, they do not understand the constitutions of Englishwomen. They are seldom or never called into the Harems, except to attend upon the Prince.

The mothers of the Harem are skilled in the practice of midwifery ; they are generally old, ugly women, who bend the knee to that sovereign ruler of Egypt, Prince Baksheesh, and are ever ready to commit any crime or forward any

intrigue, as the annals of Egyptian history ever since the rule of Mehemet Ali testify. They have all kinds of narcotics at their command, are well versed in the use and abuse of the deadliest of vegetable poisons; are skilled in making up *philtres*, sometimes administered as draughts or powders, and which they affirm have the power to produce love or hatred.

One of their principal charms is *Haschachir*, *Haschisch*, which has been known to have the most extraordinary effects on the brain. When taken it causes violent palpitations, followed by excruciating pangs and qualms, which produce an hallucination of the senses that makes the mind fancy all kinds of improbable things.

If taken at night, even if the darkness be ever so intense, it often causes the patients who are under its influence to fancy that they see a most brilliant sunset. If the chamber is as silent as the grave, most singular noises are heard; sometimes the ringing of bells, the Moslem's abomination, although none are used in the East except in the dwellings of the Europeans, and in their places of worship; the

striking of clocks ; at other times the chanting in the distance of beautiful sacred music by sweet and melodious voices. And yet, what is most curious, the individual who is under its pernicious influence is perfectly aware that those distortions of the imagination are but the effects of the *Haschisch*, which gives the mind, as it were, a double existence. Even the taste and smell seem affected by it, for the nostrils imbibe, as it were, perfumes which do not impregnate the atmosphere, and the palate flavours that exist not.

Should the individual be taking a promenade, when under its influence, the thoroughfare through which he is passing seems to have no outlet, and every object around appears double, and to assume the most grotesque shapes and forms. At times his memory becomes impaired, and he sinks into a deep lethargy, which feeling I experienced myself during my illness at Constantinople. He loses all idea of time ; a minute seems to him an hour. He is consumed with a burning thirst, which nothing seems to assuage.

In order to experience these effects, or many

other most singular delusions, it is only necessary to take half a teaspoonful of it, drink a cup of pure Mocha coffee, partake of a meal afterwards, and the potion will soon begin to operate.

The *Haschachir*, like the *Bang* drunk by the Sepoys in India, is said to be distilled from the leaf of a kind of hemp called *Konnab Hindi*, "Fakir's Weed," or "Fakir's Keff," hence the derivation of the Turkish word *Keff*, or *Kef*.

These harridans attribute great efficacy to the marrow of the ostrich, or portions of a dried hippopotamus, when it is powdered and taken by their patients in that manner. But their *forte* lies in procuring abortion. European physicians are not unfrequently conducted into the harems, but the greatest precautions are taken to prevent them from seeing the faces of their patients, as the whole of the face, except the eyes, is covered with a *habarah* whenever they enter the palace, and the eunuchs cry out with most stentorian lungs, *Allah! Allah! Dustoor! Dustoor!* "God! God! Away! Away!" when all the women

run into their rooms in the twinkling of an eye. It really is most amusing to see the singular manner in which they managed to let the *Hekim Bachi*, "Viceregal doctor," examine the diseased part.

Once an operation had to be performed on a slave, and then the face was most carefully concealed. At another time the tongue had to be examined, and that was thrust out of the mouth, the lips being covered over. One day, it happened that a slave was at the point of death, and it was necessary to see her face, which was managed by a thin coloured gauze being thrown over it. I know an instance of an Italian doctor being called upon to attend a young married Turkish woman, who did not seem to have much the matter with her.

"*Hekim effendi*" (Doctor), said she to him, "I want to know what ails me."

The peculiar manner in which she made that interrogatory, gave the doctor the key to what she wanted. He assumed a very serious countenance, and after a few moments' deliberation, exclaimed, "*Hanem*" (Lady), said he, "you

do not appear to be very unwell; but there is one thing”

“What is that?” inquired the lady, hurriedly.

“*Hanem*, you are as ladies wish to be who love their lords.”

“*Pek-ein!*” (Very well!) said the young lady’s mother, who was present, as was usual, at the consultation. “But how long has that been the case? Pray tell us, I beg of you.”

After a few moments’ pause, and by the aid of some indications which had been revealed to him, the doctor told her that the *Hanem* had been *enceinte* about four months. He then thought that his visit was ended; but the mother pressed the *Hekim* to tell them whether the child would be a boy or a girl.

Any other medical man but that Italian physician would have burst out into a fit of laughter; but he, without moving a muscle, looked intently at the *Hanem*, stroked down his beard several times, and then replied in a firm tone of voice,

“*Inch Allah!*” (By the blessing of God!)

:"the child will be a boy, and the very picture of his father."

"God grant you a long life, *Hekim effendi*," exclaimed both the women; and the doctor left the apartment loaded with blessings and a purse full of Turkish sovereigns.

One of His Highness's favourite pastimes was playing at dominoes, which he did with great skill. When he became wearied of that amusement cards were introduced, and he played numerous Turkish games with his little playmates. At other times he would have a *fantasia* enacted. Then he ordered the slaves to pile up several cushions, which he called a *Musnud*, "throne," on which he seated himself with the little Princesses, his legitimate sisters, arranged on each side. The young slaves sat about him in the form of a semicircle, and a slave named Rosetta commenced singing in a very pretty manner the following verses in Turkish :—

"The complexion of my love is like the freshness of the velvet-looking jasmine; her face is as resplendent as the bright, bright moon; her lips were as rosy as the choicest Burgundy, and her lily white bosom the fairest and softest-looking that an amorous youth ever beheld.

"Oh! beauteous creature, the perfume of whose breath is like the grateful odour of the musk rose, allow me to sip sweets from thy ruby lips, and pour forth into thy ear the passion that consumes my heart."

All the slaves joined in the chorus, and sang the last verse. Their Highnesses the Princesses encored; then the Grand Pacha, quite elated at his success as director of the fantasia, ordered another slave, named Damietta, to approach the musnud, and the little girl poured forth, in a plaintive voice, the following strain:—

"My mistress wears a beautiful gold embroidered dress; her wide trousers are of azure blue silk; her waistband is a costly cashmere shawl, worth two hundred Egyptian sovereigns. All the richness of her attire is nothing in comparison to the beauty of her face!

"There is nothing either in heaven or earth half so lovely as her beautiful sparkling orbs."

At other times he would give orders for a banquet. Then two slaves were ordered to fetch all the *soofras* they could find, which they placed down the whole length of the apartment. Then His Highness commanded them to ask the eunuchs to give them a number of the prettiest *bonbon* cases, filled with those

condiments, which they brought up into the room. Emptying their contents into one of the silk coverlets, the Prince mixed them all together, replaced them in some of the handsomest baskets at hand, and ordered the slaves to hand them round to the Princesses, the wives, and to his little sisters; also to his *ikbal*, "favourite," for he had one, young as he was.

She was a slave who had been purchased at Constantinople, and was placed in the Harem to be educated with His Highness. Had that plan been followed out some good results might have been produced; but like most others adopted by many of the Viceregal family, it was abandoned. The only distinction which was made between this child and the young Princesses was that she was obliged to eat her meals with an iron spoon. Upon this occasion, imitating the example set him by his Viceregal parent, he took it into his head to honour her that day, and therefore ordered the slaves to hand every basket to her first, after they had served their Highnesses the Princesses, the wives. She was distinguished from the other slaves by wearing a fez; which was not on

account of the position she would probably be called upon to take, but simply from the fact that the cleanliness of her hair had been so much neglected, that she had not only lost the greater portion of it, but that the vermin had eaten sores into her skull!

After this sherbet was served.

The entertainment, however, did not pass off without one of the Prince's favourite slaves having purloined a basket of *bonbons*. The Princess Epouse, upon being informed of it, ordered the girl to be punished; but the Grand Pacha put himself into such a paroxysm of rage, that he lay upon the floor and foamed at the mouth, exclaiming at intervals that she should *not* be punished, except by *himself*; and nothing would satisfy him until his mother had countermanded the order. When that was done, he took up a small cane which was close at hand, laid it lightly across her shoulders, and thus ended the affair.

It afforded me considerable pain to observe that His Highness always evinced, at these feasts, the utmost greediness, by setting apart for himself the largest basket of *bonbons*; and

if any of the slaves (and several of them were in the habit of doing so) teased him by exchanging their own baskets, cakes, &c., for his, he would break up the entertainment *instantly*, have all the *soofras*, &c., removed immediately, send the slaves away, and dismiss the company.

One day, when it was too hot for the Prince to take his usual morning walk in the garden, I was playing with him at football, the ball being a middle-sized India one, enclosed in network; the hangings of the doors being looped back to admit of a free circulation of air. His Highness happened to kick it with rather more force than usual, it bounded into the corridor, and rolled into a room, the door of which I had never seen open before, and disappeared.

The Prince followed in pursuit; but hearing him halloo out, I hastened to his assistance, and, entering the unexplored chamber, I found that the tails of his little coat had been caught in the leg of a Broadwood's grand piano. I instantly liberated the little captive, who, as soon as he had snatched up the ball, threw it into my hands, which were extended to

catch it, and proceeded (as he was exceedingly curious) to examine every nook and corner of that room, which was to him an undiscovered region.

Hand-in-hand, we proceeded to take an inventory of the miscellaneous articles which were huddled up together in that "Old Antique and Modern Curiosity Shop." I cannot do better than compare it to the show-room of an extensive furniture-warehouse, with half-a-dozen parlours, of Wardour-street *vertù* dealers.

There we found beautifully-executed full-length portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, the late Prince Consort, Napoleon III., the Empress Eugenie, and many other of the crowned heads of Europe ; elegant gilt time-pieces, large bulky rolls of handsome carpet, marqueterie tables, spring easy-chairs, sofas, ornaments for mantel-pieces of the most costly description ; clocks, with birds which, as I wound some of them up, began singing, instead of striking the hours. Some had fish swimming round and round the dials, which stood in the centre of imitation lakes ; all of them were most artistically inlaid, with large figures on the tops. There was one far

more beautiful than the others which attracted my attention, which had the figure of Venus in a shell drawn by swans: it was a magnificent piece of workmanship. Others had chariots drawn by wild horses—one with Mazeppa and the wild horses. There were stood up against the wall suits of old armour, beautifully inlaid. On lines hung quantities of old clothes, consisting of suits of uniforms which had belonged to Mehemet Ali, Ibrahim Pacha, Ismael Pacha, the Viceroy's uncle, and other defunct Egyptian princes. Saddles, bridles, silver bits, and stirrups; immense mirrors, evidently of English manufacture; superb large glass lustres, services of old Sèvres china; fire-irons, richly gilt; children's toys in abundance, of the most expensive kind, all fitted with mechanical movements; musical instruments, and a host of miscellaneous articles that it would take a catalogue of twenty pages to enumerate.

It was a very large apartment (not in the Harem) and happened to be open on that day, as the Viceroy's *Tchiboukdji* was standing there, while several slaves were dusting it. I then determined to ask the Viceroy, when

an opportunity offered, to allow me to have the furniture which was in it (for therein I had found everything that even a European lady of rank could desire to make her rooms comfortable) placed in the rooms above it, which would have enabled me to keep the Prince apart from the host of slaves, whose disgusting ways tended to counteract my best endeavours to bring him up in European habits and manners.

But, most unfortunately, our sudden departure for Alexandria prevented me from carrying out that *beau projet*, as also did my subsequent illness at Constantinople, which obliged me to repair to Europe. I never again returned to the Harem, for which I was not sorry.

On my return to the Prince's reception-hall, into which His Highness had hastened some time before me, I found one of the little eunuchs (for there were then eight of them in the Harem, whose ages averaged from four to ten years) who were to accompany us to Constantinople as presents to His Majesty the Sultan, crying most bitterly.

Upon making inquiries, I found that he had

been dreadfully frightened by the Prince with a snow-white lamb, a toy, who bleated by mechanism, and had run his horns against his private parts. The blow had so exasperated the little eunuch, that he rushed on the Grand Pacha, who, doubling up his fist *à l'Anglais*, had struck him in the same part near the abdomen, and sent him sprawling on the floor. The head-nurse had rushed in, and performed her incantations, and the mother of that little "spectre of a man" was tending that offspring whom she had sold for filthy gold, like a farmer sells his sheep.

When I had complained to Mr. B. and the Messrs. H. of the scanty accommodation of one tiny little room, not more than twelve feet long by twelve feet broad, and about fourteen high, I was met with the reply that His Highness had no other accommodation to give me. Now I had found out the contrary, and learned that not the slightest efforts had been made by the Viceroy's partners to contribute to my comfort. But as I was one of mother Eve's daughters, all of whom they looked upon as handmaids and slaves, born to be bought and

sold, anything was good enough for me ; for I had found a whole suite of noble rooms unoccupied, and plenty of useful elegant European furniture to adorn and besit them for the occupation of His Highness and his Governess, close by my own chamber.

Perhaps had I been a Frankfort lady, or a denizen of the lovely village of Oppenheim, on the banks of the beautiful Rhine, my comforts would have been better cared for, and I should have found my position much more endurable ; but I was *Kopek*, “a dog” of an Englishwoman, a Howadjee, an unbeliever, a Pariah, whom both Moslems and Jews despised and spat at, and therefore, as I was told before I quitted my own dear bright land of liberty, “I must fight my own battle,” I determined to do it, my motto being, “*coûte qui coûte*.”

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